

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 463.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

RACE FOR THE CITY AND SUBURBAN—PHOTOGRAPHED YESTERDAY.



After an exciting race Sir J. Miller's *Pharisee*, the favourite, won the City and Suburban Handicap at Epsom yesterday afternoon. Our photographs show: (1) The finish of the race, *Pharisee* beating *Ambition* by less than a length; (2) *Maher*, the jockey, taking the winning horse in after the race; (3) *Pharisee*, the winning horse; and (4) the policemen clearing the course for the race.

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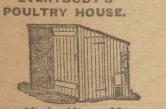
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FOR 12 EGGS.15-Egg - 12s. 6d.
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120-Chick - £2. 10s.

WILLIAM COOPER, LIMITED, 751, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

BIRTHS.

ADELL.—On April 22, at 192, Queen's-gate, S.W., the wife of Cecil. Address—On April 23 at 41, St. George's-road, S.W., the wife of Captain H. N. Alleyne, R.N., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

GLOVER-DADSON.—On the 20th inst., at Fulham, Frederic Arthur Glover, of 1, Halsey House, son of Arthur Glover, formerly of Greenwich, Kent, to Lily, only daughter of the late Ferdinand Goodman.

DEATHS.

BROWN.—On the 23rd inst., at 44, Tregunter-road, S.W., James Robert Brown, aged 66.

DURHAM.—On the 22nd inst., at 23, Priory-road, Chiswick. Marcellin C. de Pethenier, in his 77th year (formerly of Liverpool).

THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

ADELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, Otto Stuart. EVERY EVENING at 9. HAMLET, H. B. Irving. Oscar Asche, Lily Brayton, etc. HAMLET MAT. SAT. at 2. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. MAT. EVERY WED. at 2. Tel. 2645 Gerrard.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE. SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL WEEK. TO-MORROW at 8. HAMLET.

TO-MORROW (Friday) MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Saturday Matinee. JULIUS CAESAR. Saturday Evening. JULIUS CAESAR.

MONDAY NEXT (one week only) JULIUS CAESAR. SPECIAL MATINEE. Saturday, May 6 HAMLET. Monday, May 8 (for 4 nights only) THE WINTER'S TALE. Box Office Mr. Watts, 10-12 HIS MAJESTY'S.

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ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER will make his reappearance on MONDAY NEXT, May 1st, in a new play entitled

THE COLISEUM, MUSIC HALL. M.P.C. Adapted from the Story of Katherine Cecil Thurston by E. Temple Thurston.

MR. HENRY VIVIAN. MABELLA PATEMAN. Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS, and

Miss MARIE TERRY. Box Office open daily, 10 to 5. ST. JAMES'S.

THE COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. All seats in pairs. Two boxes reserved. Standard postage envelope should accompany all postal applications for seats.

The Lyceum Coliseum, London. Telephone Nos. 7689 Gerard for Boxes, £2 2s. and £1 1s. 8s. 4s. 2s. and 2s. seats, and 7699 Gerard for 1s. and 6d. seats. Children under 12 half-price to all stalls.

THE LYCEUM, HIGH-CLASS VARIETIES. TWICE NIGHTLY. 6.30 pm. Matinee Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Popular Prices. Children half-price.

Managing Director—THOMAS BARRASFORD.

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PERSONAL.

LONG.—Grieved I can give you so little hope—CYGNET.

IDYL.—How sweet of you! In dreamland—CAPTAIN.

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* * * The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m. and are charged at the rate of eight words per line, and 2d. per word extra. They are brought to the notice of our readers or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and Ed. per word after address. Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st, London.

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Continuation of the Great Easter Holiday Programme.

GREAT SOMALI ANIMAL CAMP.

The most complete village ever brought to England.

CAFE CHIANTANTE.

Companie of Star Artists.

MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

4.00 and 8.00.

Picked men from the British Cavalry.

MILITARY BAND.

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OXFORD CIRCUS, W. Daily at 3 and 8.

THE NEWEST ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON.

As given before the QUEEN and the ROYAL FAMILY at Buckingham Palace. Over 200 performing animals.

GRAND HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.

NEW ACTS and FRESH NOVELTIES.

Popular prices and children half-price to all parts at all performances. Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. 4138 Gerard.

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TO-DAY (Thursday), at 3 and 8.

and Performances at 8pm. and Evenings.

NO MATINEE TOMORROW (Friday).

THIS WEEK ONLY.

SOUSA AND HIS BAND.

FAREWELL OF THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN BAND.

QUEEN'S HALL TO-DAY (Thursday).

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Avoid crush at the box office by buying 1s. and 2s. tickets in advance at 36, Gerrard-street, W. only. Reserved seats, 2s. and 3s., at all Libraries, Chappell's Booking Office, Queen's Hall, and Garrick's Offices, 36, Gerrard-street, W. Telephone 7,333 Gerrard. PHILIP YORKE, Managing Director.

POLYTECHNIC, RECENT-STREET, DAILY, at 3.

OUR NAVY AND OUR ARMY.

LAST TWO WEEKS.

GRAND AUTOMATIC FIREWORKS HOLIDAYS.

Cadet Corps Field Day at Aldershot.

ETON, HARROW, WINCHESTER, WESTMINSTER,

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Other new scenes of stirring interest.

Prices 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s. Children half-price.

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RUSSIAN ARMADA REINFORCED.

Rojestvensky Said To Have Joined Third Baltic Squadron.

DASH FOR VLADIVOSTOK.

Small Fight in Manchuria—Russians Retire with Loss.

Togo and Rojestvensky continue to display their dexterity as quick change artists, mainly in the direction of keeping out of each other's way.

The Russian admiral's latest move is that of doubling back to meet his friend Nebogatoff, who has been making all speed to join him with his supplementary squadron.

It is positively asserted by the "Matin" correspondent at St. Petersburg that the two Russian admirals have got into touch with each other, and that their projected meeting-place is Batavia, where numerous colliers are waiting to attend them.

The combined fleets will, it is surmised, lose no time in making for Vladivostok by way of the Straits of Formosa.

This sounds like an end to preliminaries.

Togo is sure to be found either in the neighbourhood of Formosa or further north in the narrow Korean Straits, where the Japanese commander will be certain not to let the Russians pass unchallenged.

It is obviously Togo's plan of campaign to bar the way to Vladivostok at a point conveniently near his own base.

The fate of Japan is in Togo's hands. He must keep his fleet afloat. Rojestvensky is the aggressor and must give battle when and where Togo feels disposed to get in his way.

FRIENDLY FLEETS MEET.

PARIS, Wednesday.—A telegram to the "Matin" from St. Petersburg, says:—"The Admiralty has received news from Admiral Rojestvensky in which he announces that he has been able to enter into communication with Admiral Nebogatoff.

"The report that he is proceeding towards Batavia to meet him is true. At Batavia, moreover, numerous colliers are awaiting the squadrons.

"On being joined by Admiral Nebogatoff the fleet will proceed without a moment's delay for Vladivostok by the shortest route—viz., the Straits of Formosa."—Reuter.

200 DEAD RUSSIANS.

TOKIO, Wednesday.—An encounter has taken place between Russian and Japanese troops near Kaiyuan. The Russians were defeated, and left 200 dead behind them. The Japanese casualties were slight.—Reuter.

The Russian force consisted of five battalions of infantry (4,000 men), 16 sotnias of Cossacks (200 sabres), and a battery of artillery.

The Japanese pursued the Russians to the north of Mienhuachin (thirty miles distant).—Reuter's Special Service.

PEKIN, Wednesday.—According to present arrangements Prince Leopold of Prussia will leave here next Sunday for Kalgan and Kiachta to join the Russian army.

TOKIO, Wednesday.—Marital law will be proclaimed over the whole of Formosa. The measure was decided upon to-day by the Privy Council.—Reuter.

GOOD WILL TO BRITAIN.

Striking American and Japanese Tributes to This Country.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the new Ambassador to Great Britain, was the principal speaker last night at the annual dinner of the St. George's Society. He quoted Pope's lines:

"In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity."

"The St. George's Society," he said, "stands for British charity, British Christianity, British appreciation of America as a place of residence, and British regard of Americans."

Referring to his appointment, he said:—"The kind appreciation you express is valued for many reasons, particularly because it must be a sign of your confidence that the appointment tends to international good will."

Baron Kentaro Kaneko, speaking in the name of Japan, predicted the continuance of the Anglo-Japanese alliance as the one factor that could preserve the peace of the world.

The members of the society cheered Baron Kaneko for five minutes.—Reuter.

KING AND BEGGARS.

Spain's Youthful Monarch Gives Two Poor Women a Motor-Car Ride.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MADRID, Wednesday.—The young King of Spain has been winning golden opinions here for his kindness and courtesy to high and low alike. On his way to Guadarrama in a motor-car yesterday he met two men and two women, one of whom was carrying a baby in her arms, and who, drenched by rain and shivering with cold, seemed in the lowest depths of misery.

Stopping the car the King questioned the poor women, who, failing to recognise him, said they were begging their way to Madrid in search of work.

The King gave the men all the money he had on him, and offered the women seats in the car, which they gratefully accepted.

One seated herself in the driver's place, beside the King, and the other settled herself at her feet.

On arrival at Guadarrama, they got down to wait for their husbands, and the King before he left gave them a basket of provisions which happened to be in the car.

The poor creatures, still quite unconscious of their benefactor's identity, were effusively thanking him when several boys coming up began shouting "God save the King."

Struck dumb with astonishment, the women at last understood who it was that had helped them so unostentatiously, and were so overcome with confusion that they felt like taking to their heels, and were unable to utter a single word.

Meanwhile their faces expressed the liveliest gratitude. The King promised to assist them when they got to Madrid.

HIS MAJESTY'S ENGLISH VISIT.

The King of Spain is to be the guest of the King and Queen in London from Monday, June 5, until Saturday, the 10th, when, "Truth" states, his official visit to the Court will terminate, and he will probably proceed on a short tour through England and Scotland.

His Majesty will probably return to London after his country tour on Wednesday, June 21, when he will proceed to Windsor Castle on a visit to their Majesties until Saturday, June 24, in which case he is to be present at Ascot races on the Thursday (Cup Day) and on the Friday.

THE KING IN CORSICA.

His Majesty Will Proceed Incognito from Napoleon's Birthplace to Paris.

The King, who will arrive in Paris on Saturday evening, will, says Reuter, maintain the strictest incognito. There will be no troops or official reception at the station.

His Majesty will stay at the Hotel Bristol, where the whole of the first-floor and ground-floor have been reserved for his use. The Embassy is not available, as repairs are still in progress.

On Sunday the King will visit the Elysee and dine with President Loubet, who returns from Montelmar on Saturday evening. His Majesty's stay in Paris will last two or three days, according to circumstances.

It was about 7 a.m. when the Victoria and Albert arrived at Ajaccio yesterday morning, escorted by two cruisers and two torpedo-boats. Salutes were exchanged by the Aboukir and the citadel.

LIFE AMONG THE PIGMIES.

Where Women Are Men's Superiors, and the Only Wealth Is Spears.

Colonel Harrison, who has arrived in London after his memorable search in the Congo Forest for pygmies, has been giving some further particulars about these remarkable little people.

"They seem," he says, "to have no religious instincts, and possess no idea of a Supreme Being. Their average height is from four feet to four feet three and a half, and, curiously enough, as a rule the women are taller than the men."

"A noteworthy fact was the prevalence of a terrible cough, due perhaps to the dampness of the atmosphere. All the pygmies alike suffered from this to such a degree that it was difficult to sleep at night."

"They are tremendous dancers; and they will perform for hours at a stretch without fatigue."

"A striking characteristic of the people is their extraordinary silence; they will sit for hours without uttering a word."

"They are nomadic, and their only wealth is in spears. The number of spears determines the value of these people can afford."

LATEST KITCHENER RUMOUR.

According to the London correspondent of the "Liverpool Post" Lord Kitchener has by cable offered his resignation to the Imperial Government. This means, the correspondent asserts, that the difference between him and the Viceroy has not been settled, and that the Commander-in-Chief insists on having his own way in the matter in dispute.

DUKE'S TIT FOR TAT.

His Grace of Manchester Gives a Sharp Retort to Mr. Carnegie.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—In the "World" today, the Duke of Manchester replies to Mr. Carnegie's recent remark, apropos of the marriage of his niece to a coachman, that he preferred a coachman to a duke as his niece's husband:—

"I am much edified by Mr. Carnegie's announcement that he preferred a coachman to a duke as his nephew-in-law. Perhaps all things considered, it is more appropriate. For once I am able to compliment Mr. Carnegie on his sense of fitness."

"Mr. Carnegie's utterances have convinced me that he is at heart a thorough democrat; but I suppose the conditions in Great Britain compelled him to attempt to reconcile a democratic mind with a body living in a feudal castle and surrounded by more than feudal luxury. I only wonder that he has not carried out the feudal idea of presiding over a common table for the whole household."

"Surely one cannot wish one's relations to marry a class of people one would not be willing to marry on one's own. Don't misunderstand me. I thoroughly appreciate Mrs. Hever's position. She apparently married the man she loves, which is the only proper and right marriage for a girl to make."

MR. CARNEGIE'S GRAND IDEA.

"I have had the opportunity of seeing the working of some of the Carnegie free libraries in Great Britain. The idea is grand, but, alas, some landowners, at least on the other side, are perversely enough not to appreciate the privilege of being allowed to subscribe anonymously to Mr. Carnegie's extensive scheme of advertising."

"In some cases in England the town in which the grant is made is owned by one or two men. As the grant is conditional on the provision of a free site and the imposition of the highest possible tax, it means that the local landowner actually gives more in cash, besides paying for the maintenance of the library which bears the name of Carnegie."

"In other cases the burden of the conditions falls upon the population, in many instances very poor people, who find the gift almost impossible of acceptance, because they cannot afford the extra taxation on the rates in addition to the cost of the site."

The Duke and Duchess leave next week to spend the summer at Tanderagee.—Central News.

LIFE FOR A SHILLING.

Bedouin Arab Dies After a Rapid Ascent of the Great Pyramid.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CAIRO, Wednesday.—There could be no better instance of the folly of offering rewards for record-breaking in dangerous places than a fatal accident which has just occurred on the Great Pyramid.

Tempted by the magnificent offer of one shilling made to him by an American tourist, a Bedouin Arab set out to climb to the top and back again in ten minutes.

Hauling himself up step by step, he reached the top—a matter of nearly 500ft.—in just under five minutes. But the effort under the burning sun was too much for him.

Turning to come down, he hesitated, threw up his arms, and with a despairing cry fell to the bottom and was killed.

BARON AS BEGGER.

Proves His Pedigree When Arrested for Asking Alms Outside a Church.

An amusing example of pride and poverty is related in the Paris "Journal."

Two beggars, stationed outside a fashionable church yesterday to solicit alms from the worshippers entering, began to quarrel as to which should occupy the best position.

From words they passed to blows, and from blows to the custody of the gendarmes, who escorted them to the Police Commissary. Questioned as to his identity, one of the beggars replied calmly, "I am Baron Maurice de T—"

Producing papers which bore out his assertion, the beggar established himself beyond all doubt, as a very wealthy aristocrat, the owner of a beautiful chateau on the Loire, who took up begging as a hobby.

The Baron Maurice de T— was some years ago notorious in Paris for his extravagant use of a fortune of £300,000, no less than £20,000 having been spent on a stage beauty.

POLICEMAN'S THEATRE SNORE.

Loud snoring was heard during a theatrical performance at Halle, Germany.

The ejection of the disturber was emphatically demanded. He proved to be none other than the policeman on duty.

Ten miners were killed yesterday in the Conyngham Pit, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

EAGER FOR

THE "ASHES."

Australian Cricketers Arrive, Fresh and Well, in England.

FACES OLD AND NEW.

Thirteen members of the Australian cricket team, with Mr. Frank Laver, their manager, arrived at Liverpool yesterday afternoon by the White Star liner Majestic.

After breaking their journey at New Zealand, where a number of matches were played, the tourists travelled via Fiji to Vancouver, and so overland to New York.

The only absentee was J. Darling, whose selection is said to have come as a surprise to himself, although he was a member of the Board of Selection.

Business affairs delayed his departure beyond that of his comrades, and he was a passenger of the Marmora, via Suez, arriving in London a day before the rest of the team. There was an immense crowd on the wharf at Liverpool to greet the Colonials, all of whom looked remarkably fit and well.

The tour is a honeymoon for two members of the team, Messrs. C. Hill and P. Newland, for both these players were married shortly before leaving Australia, and bring their brides with them.

Among their fellow-passengers from New York by the Majestic was Mr. Rider Haggard.

THREE NEW FACES.

Most of the players are already familiar figures on this side of the water, but Messrs. Gehrs, Cotter, and Newland, the new-comers from "down under," were the objects of a great deal of public interest.

Gehrs' appearance recalls Victor Trumper. Like the trimly built, his looks do not belie his reputation of being a fieldsmen second to none in the world.

Cotter is a tall, loose-jointed youngster who has possibly not yet come into the full inheritance of strength that will be his. But he is already the fastest bowler in the world.

Newland is a wear-and-tear individual, who will make a very efficient understudy to Kelly, the chief wicket-keeper of the team.

Newland's cricket has come to him comparatively late in life, for the story goes that when at school he was not considered worth a place in the first eleven.

Among the old familiar figures there was little change. Clement Hill has grown a little more round, and Armstrong has developed from a youth into a man.

YOUNG AS EVER.

But it is hard to imagine that three years have passed since England last welcomed them. Gregory is making his sixth tour, but his step is as springy and his movement as alert as when, then only a boy, he first appeared on English playing-grounds.

Indeed, as far as appearances go, the team are exactly the same hard-working, serviceable band that we knew three years ago.

The question of the captaincy has yet to be decided, although there is no doubt that choice will fall either upon Noble or Darling.

Darling, on his arrival in London yesterday, was interviewed by the "Daily Mirror," but could not be induced to say very much about the team.

Naturally one of the first places he visited was Wisden's establishment in Cravenbury-street. He and Mr. Harry Luff are old friends, and the firm have made many of the bats which will create cricket history during the coming tour.

Darling merely vouchsafed the information that the team is a strong one and should do well.

As for himself, he stated that he was exceedingly fit and looked forward to making many runs.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

According to present arrangements Mr. Balfour will return to town on Tuesday next.

The Supreme Court at New York yesterday issued its final decree of divorce in Miss Edna May's suit.

Three more bears have fallen to Mr. Roosevelt's party in Colorado, two to the President's gun.

The French cruiser Duchayla arrived at Gibraltar yesterday from Tangier, whether she will return after coaling.

Thieves have broken into the house of an English clergyman named Stead, at Florence. Everything of value was removed.

Works by Messrs. Alfred East, A.R.A., George Frampton, R.A., Walter Crane, and others, are attracting much attention at the International Art Exhibition opened at Venice by the Duke of Genoa yesterday.

Considerable sensation was caused in Rome yesterday by the report that Tripoli had been leased for ninety-nine years to a French company, which undertakes, in return for Customs rights, to transform the port.

REJECTED**WAX STATUE.**

Fine Work of Art Spurned by Royal Academy.

STRANGE BLUNDER.

The artistic world is once more up in arms against the Royal Academy. The rejection by the Hanging Committee of Mr. Havard Thomas's wax life-size figure of Lycidas (a Greek who was stoned to death for proposing to the ancient Athenians that they should make terms with the Persian invader) has stirred the indignation of all who are capable of appreciating fine work.

Fortunately, the New Gallery is giving us the opportunity of seeing Mr. Thomas's notable figure, which is pronounced by several good judges to be the most distinguished effort of the sculptor's art which this generation has seen.

Thirty-two Months' Work.

Mr. Havard Thomas lives and works at Capri, a beautiful sun-bathed spot on the Italian coast. For two years and eight months he has worked at this wax figure, and it may be added that he and his wife and family are entirely dependent upon his art.

In 1898 he exhibited at Burlington House a silver statuette, a boy dancing and playing a pipe. It was universally admired, and sold for £500. It is agreed on all sides among painters and sculptors of the newer school that the "Lycidas" would have been the greatest attraction of its kind which the Academy had had for many years.

"The R.A." said a well-known painter, who exhibits both at Burlington House and at the New Gallery, to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "has made many bad mistakes, but never such a stupid one as this."

"Every year good work is rejected, work, too, by well-known men. Once they rejected a picture by a man whom at their next election they made an A.R.A.!"

"They will quote some silly rule, I expect, in this case about scripture only being admitted if it is in marble or in bronze. But nothing can remove the stigma of stupidity and lack of artistic sympathy which rests upon them."

Another authority, a critic this time, was equally indignant. "It is time," he said, "for the Academy to be reformed altogether. It consists mostly of out-of-date, retrograde painters, who are incapable of telling good work from bad."

"Only by Accident."

"Their administration of the Chantrey Bequest was a public scandal. Instead of buying the best pictures, as the will instructed, they bought one another's. The House of Lords Committee, which considered this matter last year, convicted them of narrow-mindedness and bad judgment beyond all belief."

"I am not surprised at their rejection of the 'Lycidas.' It is only by accident they ever accept anything good."

To reform the Royal Academy, however, would not be easy. It is a private body, and the only thing the State does for it is to let it have the site of Burlington House for nothing. Reform must, therefore, be internal; nothing can be done from the outside.

It seems not unlikely, however, that reform may come from the inside. Several Academicians are as much annoyed as anybody at the mistake made by the Hanging Committee. Sir William Richard Ward especially is full of indignation, and Mr. Gant is understood to have spoken out in very emphatic terms.

TOWN LOSES £200,000.

What Chatham Will Suffer by the Removal of the Sappers.

Chatham, that grimy town dear to the hearts of British soldiers and sailors all over the world, is in revolt.

For the War Office has just issued an order which means that Chatham will probably lose the greater number of its soldiers within six months.

It is upon the sappers that the blow has fallen, for the authorities of the Military College of Engineers have been bidden to prepare to remove themselves and all their belongings to other quarters.

Chatham is in despair. For fifty years the "M.C.E." has stood in its midst, not only a source of pride, but of considerable financial benefit to the town.

SUICIDE WITHOUT MEANING IT.

After cutting his throat in the presence of his mother, Henry George Kenward, a Woolwich labourer, said: "I have done it, but I didn't mean to do it."

At yesterday's inquest the distressed parent said her son told her just before his death that he did not wish to die.

KISS IN A CLUB.

Rapturous Lover's Salute Scandalises an Observer No Longer Young.

Members of the Lyceum Club, especially those who are still young and unmarried, have been smiling for the past week over a romance which has very nearly resulted in a controversy more furious than that which has raged over the rejection of Miss Ellen Terry.

About a week ago one of the younger members of the club and an intimate friend were seated quietly in one of the rooms in which ladies are permitted to entertain their male friends to tea. In the blissful belief that they were the sole occupants of the room the young man broached a question which had been hovering on his lips for weeks past, and the young lady blushingly gave her assent to a downright proposal of marriage.

Joyful at his success, heedless of the fact that he was sitting in the sacred precincts of the Lyceum Club for Ladies, the young man impinged upon the cheek of his fiancée a most discreet yet rapturous kiss. Whereupon, whether startled by the sound or quietly observing, though unobserved, there rose up a lady, very severe and very dignified, and by no means young.

Casting a withering glance upon the conscious lovers, she swept out of the room and walked straight to the room in which the committee were engaged in deliberation. In a moment her story was told, and the committee agreed that some action ought to be taken. The next day the young lady was requested to send in her resignation.

But with considerable spirit she refused. As far as she could see she had done nothing deserving of censure. The young man, she said, was quite desirable, and had at once seen her father and wife accepted as her fiance. Under the circumstances she could not understand what business it was of the committee's.

And there the matter stands, at present, the elder members frowning and the younger smiling.

MR. WALTER LONG,



Ireland's recently appointed Chief Secretary, is touring the country in a motor-car to investigate the causes of trouble in various districts.

FINGER-PRINTS AS CLUES.

Experts Doubtless as to the Value of Scotland Yard System.

Criminal experts are keenly interested in the coming trial of the brothers Alfred and Albert Stratton, charged with the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Farrow in a shop in Devonport High-street, mainly because in the case of the elder brother, Alfred, the Crown's prosecution is based chiefly upon finger-print clues.

A famous authority on criminal investigation yesterday told the *Daily Mirror* that before the science of dactyloscopy can be brought into use as circumstantial evidence in capital charges it must be conclusively proved that the methods used by the police are infallible.

"A finger-mark left on a cash-box," he said, "must undoubtedly be very faint and smudged."

MYSTERIOUS TRAIN ACCIDENT.

The young lady found injured on the North Staffordshire Railway, near Etruria, has been identified as Miss Hilditch, of Hanley.

She was returning from Manchester after visiting her fiance, but how the accident occurred is still a mystery. It is supposed she fell out of the train.

Albert Bridgeman, the ex-Militia man, was executed yesterday at Pentonville for the murder of Catherine Ballard, the mother of his sweetheart, in Bloomsbury on Saturday, March 4.

SALVATION PILGRIMS.

Thousand Working Men and Women Leave for Canada.

GENERAL'S MESSAGE.

A thousand Salvation Army emigrants left Liverpool yesterday afternoon for Canada by the Dominion liner Vancouver. The whole vessel had been chartered by the Salvation Army authorities, who organised the pilgrimage on lines so pictorial that a parallel it was necessary to go back to the voyage of the Mayflower.

From the army headquarters in Liverpool the pilgrims marched through the streets of the city to the docks behind a band. It drizzled incessantly, and the Mersey was a grey waste of tossing waters, but the emigrants swung cheerfully into step, with heads erect, and sang as they marched, "Yes, we will gather at the river, the beautiful, the beautiful river."

Canada will be the gainer by a thousand valuable citizens. They were nearly all young, healthy men and women, and the greater part of the males are artisans and labourers. Not all of them are Salvationists, but the practical and sensible lines on which the emigration is being managed proved irresistible—"a teetotal trip over and a job found at the end of it," explained one emigrant, who disclaimed any connection with the army.

WORK FOUND FOR ALL.

For every one of the thousand men and women work has already been found, if they are not above taking what offers.

At three o'clock the Vancouver came alongside, and the emigrants and their friends boarded her. At half-past five the "All ashore" bugle sounded, and pathetic scenes of leave-taking began quickly cut short by the band with "O God, our help in ages past." Thousands of voices took up the familiar strains, men and women singing the words while the tears coursed unchecked down their faces.

A message from General Booth was next read—short, sharp, and to the point:—

"God carry you safely to your new home. Fearlessly calculate upon hard work. Bravely meet difficulties. Do your duty by your families. Help your comrades. Make Canada a home that will be a credit to the old land. Put God first. Stand by the army. Save your souls. Meet me in Heaven."

Then, amid ringing cheers and cries of "Glory!" Mrs. Bramwell Booth broke the Salvation Army flag, and the red banner with its motto of "Blood and Fire" floated at the masthead. And so, with flags flying and the band playing bravely the Salvation pilgrims set out for Canada.

PROGRESS IN POLITENESS.

Vicar Testifies to Improvement in Manners in East London.

In these days, when so much is said and written about the rudeness of the modern boy and girl, it is refreshing to have the opinion of the vicar of St. Cuthbert's, Millwall, that the children of his parish are improving in manners.

"I sent a child who was in danger of consumption to the Victoria Park Hospital," he writes.

"At the expiration of the term of treatment, much to my astonishment, I received a letter of thanks from the little patient, couched in terms of unmistakable gratitude."

"Such a thing has never before happened in my East End experience."

Here is a second illustration:—"I made an arrangement with a boy to come and see me on such a day at such an hour."

"Not being able to keep his appointment, the lad actually wrote and expressed his regret!"

HOW AN ELOPEMENT WAS STOPPED.

When arrested for stealing rings from houses in which she lodged, Marie Bradley, a stylishly-dressed young woman, said:—"I am sorry. I did not take them for myself. I gave the ticket to a married man who wanted me to run away with him. I shall go away with him when this is over."

At Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday she was handed over to the care of a charitable lady.

CLAIMED ROYAL FRIENDSHIPS.

Wife assault brought into the Edgware Police Court yesterday Alexander Stephenson Poppoff, a Bulgarian subject.

Representing himself as a correspondent to Russian newspapers, he married Mrs. Poppoff, who had an income of £4 a week. Since then he had not worked.

A doctor stated that the man was suffering from hysteria. He contended he knew the Princess Louise and Princess Victoria. Poppoff was sent to the asylum.

AIDE-DE-CAMP'S ROMANCE.

Duke of Buccleuch's Son Marries a Bride Met in Malta.

There was a brilliant function at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, yesterday, when Lord Herbert Scott, D.S.O., son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, was married to Miss Marie Edwards, daughter of the late Mr. James Edwards, of Dovercourt, Essex, and Mrs. Edwards, of Eaton-square.

It was when serving on a staff appointment in Malta that Lord Herbert Scott first met his bride. He is a captain in the Irish Guards, and served in South Africa as aide-de-camp to Lord Roberts.

The bride, who was given away by Major C. de Wancklyn, R.E., wore a wedding-gown of white Venetian satin, with under-bodice and sleeves of fine real lace. The full Court train was of silver embroidered guaze, trimmed with chiffon, her wreath of orange blossoms being covered by her lace veil. She also wore a pearl necklace, the gift of the bridegroom.

Among the distinguished congregation were the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Earl and Countess Roberts. In consequence of the recent death of the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn no reception was held.

Yesterday, also, Miss Elsie Scott, a great-great-granddaughter of Sir Walter, was married at Huntly Chapel, near Abbotsford. Mr. Edward Cassidy, of Monastervin, Co. Kildare, was the bridegroom, and Lieutenant Maxwell Scott, R.N., acted as best man. The Scott badge of white heather, white roses, and lilies was displayed by the bride and bridesmaids.

3,000 MILES YACHT RACE.

Full List of Starters for the Kaiser's Cup on May 16.

All arrangements are now complete for the great ocean yacht race of May 16, inaugurated by the Kaiser and the executive of the Imperial Yacht Club at Kiel.

The sub-committee in England consists of Captain Cooper, Naval Attaché to the German Embassy in London, chairman; Lord Lansdale, and Sir Edward Birkbeck.

Captain Cooper yesterday gave the *Daily Mirror* the following list of starters:—

Yachts	Owners and clubs
1-Hamburg	Verein Seefahrt, Norddeutscher Regatta Verein.
2-Schleswig	Lord Brassey, R.N.S.
3-Vallarta	Earl of Cottenham, R.N.S.
4-Utopiana	A. V. Armour, New York Y.C.
5-Atlantic	W. Marshall, New York Y.C.
6-Apacie	E. Randolph, New York Y.C.
7-Asgard	H. C. Moore, New York Y.C.
8-Thistle	Robert E. Tod, Atlantic Y.C.
9-Hildegarde	Edward Coleman, Corinthian Y.C., Phil.
10-Fleur de Lys	Lewis A. Stinner, New York Y.C.
11-Endymion	George Launder, jun., Judd, India.
	Harbour Y.C.

The course will be from Sandy Hook Lighthouse to the Lizard Lighthouse, and the start will be made at two p.m.

No restrictions are made regarding the hands the yachts may carry. All are permitted to take pilots on board before the finish. Every yacht must have on board the owner or his representative.

The cup will be handed personally by the Kaiser to the owner of the victorious yacht at Kiel, at the commencement of the Kiel week.

GOLD IN ICELAND.

Expected Rush of Enterprising Prospectors to the Regions of Snow.

Gold, it is reported, has been discovered in Iceland, and certain enterprising people are in a ferment of excitement.

Iceland, despite its suggestion of isolation, is not more than six days distant, and its climate, at any rate in summer, is much the same as in the Highlands of Scotland.

The discovery is reported to have been made in the neighbourhood of Reykjavik, Iceland's capital, and every man in this country who has ever felt the feverish excitement of gold prospecting is burning to try his luck.

Iceland can be reached from Leith by the steamer of the United Steamship Company, whose boats are fitted with all modern requirements.

The next sail from Leith on May 2 and reach Reykjavik on May 8. The return fare (1st and saloon) is £13 10s., third class and second cabin being £8 12s.

WALES GREETS ROYALTY.

Llandilo made public holiday yesterday on the occasion of Princess Christian's visit to affix a tablet to the West Wales Sanatorium for Consumption.

A silver leek turnscrew was presented to her Royal Highness, and the Bishop of St. David's asked a blessing on the undertaking in Welsh and English.

Hendasyde, the Edinburgh engineer charged with manslaughter in connection with the Colnbrook motor-car fatality, was summoned at Slough yesterday for using an unregistered car. The case was adjourned to June 28.

LIFE OF A "LADY OF FAMILY."

How a Clever Adventuress Lived by Fraud.

BAD GIRL'S DIARY.

A handsome young woman, dressed in a fashionably-cut blue costume and a picture hat, stood in the dock at Slough Police Court yesterday, hiding her face in her hands, while an astounding career of fraud was rehearsed against her.

A year ago Maud Osborn left her home at Uxbridge, having posted the following letter to her parents:

Dear father and mother—I am going away to be married in a week. Good-bye for ever.

She was a domestic servant then, but yesterday her appearance and her name had changed. She was charged under the Christian name of Sybil with obtaining lodgings, food, money, and goods by false pretences.

Persons of all classes were said to have succumbed to her blandishments, and when she posed as a lady of quality her manners appear to have supported her claim. She was said to have lived in luxury in London and Torquay through her wits and her charms.

To many people she said she had an income of four guineas a week, and even omnibus drivers and policemen showed her sympathy.

Tell Tale Finger Prints.

The crisis came through the agency of the finger-print system of identification employed by Scotland Yard. Sybil was arrested at King's-cross Station and taken back to Slough.

A tradesman in that place told how Miss Osborn, "with the most superior manners and high-toned conversation," pretended to him that she was a cripple.

Other parts of her story were that she was looking for Professor Seacombe, and that she had certificates from Dublin College. Unfortunately, she had dropped her purse getting out of a trap.

Believing the prepossessing girl, the tradesman drove her in his car to Professor Seacombe, who had no existence except in her imagination.

He gave her a lodgment for the night at his house, and in the morning she borrowed ten shillings and a blouse.

Having listened to this tale of deceit, the magistrate said the prisoner had told a concoction of lies in the most bare-faced way, and must go to prison for one month with hard labour.

Miss Osborn's white-haired father was in the court, and it was a touching sight to see the old man parting with his good-looking daughter as she was led in disgrace to the cells.

RACING SHARPS AND FLATS.

Bankrupt Charged with Concealing Solvency from His Creditors.

Remarkable evidence was heard at Bow-street yesterday, when George Tobitt, a licensed victualler, formerly of the Rye House Hotel, Peckham, was remanded on a charge of fraudulent bankruptcy.

It was alleged that the accused realised his share in the sale of the Rye House Hotel £1,287, which exceeded his debts by £800. Though solvent, he was suspected of placing his money out of his creditors' reach.

When bankruptcy proceedings were instituted, Tobitt filed a statement to the effect that he had lost heavily in betting, and had only £3s. in his possession.

A visit to Paris in the company of two men was instanced as illustrating the way in which prisoner's money was spent.

Mr. Jones, who appeared for the accused, asked one of his Parisian companions if the unfortunate young man spent money freely on racing sharps.

"There were no racing sharps," was the reply.

"Racing flats, then?" said Mr. Jones.

Bail was granted in two sums of £100.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN GAOL.

Robert Renduff, who has already spent twenty-five out of his forty years of life in prison, was charged yesterday with stealing an overcoat from the hall of a house in Putney Bridge-road, the door of which stood invitingly open.

It was stated that since he was a mere boy the prisoner had lived almost entirely in reformatory and prisons, no sooner being released than he offended again.

He was committed for trial.

Whilst clambering about on a mill in course of wedding-carriages, one of whom was fined £10, at Chiswick yesterday for being drunk while driving.

He explained that he had assisted two couples to matrimony that morning, and in each case was given whisky to drink. Moreover, he had no dinner.

HUSBAND WANTED.

Widows Appeal to Workhouse Master to Arrange a Match.

A working man is reported to have called twice recently at the Romford Union Workhouse and requested the guardians to supply him with a wife. It is further intimated that he is suited.

The master of the workhouse is daily receiving requests, mainly from widows, to be put into communication with him.

One aspirant intimates that her culinary attainments are the acme of perfection. Another fervently trusts that he is good-looking, hard-working, and religious.

"I saw this advertisement," writes a Brighton lady, "and I wanted someone thought dear Sir you would not mind telling me his address or how I could find him."

"Sir J see in the Daily mail that a working man applied to you for a wife," writes another. "If he rises to— I am middle-aged and a working woman."

A third letter runs: "From Mrs. — to the Master of the Workhouse. Having seen this cutting in the 'Evening News' I should be pleased if you could give me his address, so that I could write to him a word, and if you think he is worthy of a good wife I should be pleased to have a line from you."

"WORST GIRL IN THE PLACE."

Child Only Ten Years Old, Steals Clothes While on Remand.

Ellen Moles is only ten years old, but, according to the magistrate at the Chiswick Police Court, who committed her to an industrial school yesterday, she has already commenced a career of crime.

Whilst on remand in a home on a charge of stealing boots, she soon gained the reputation of being the worst girl in the place.

On that very morning, said a detective to the Bench, when she was leaving the home to come to the court, she was wearing half a dozen petticoats which did not belong to her.

Other property was also missing.

DOCTORS CRITICISED.

Coroner Protest Against the Habit of Making Post-Mortem Examinations.

Mr. John Troubeck raised an interesting point at Wandsworth Coroner's Court yesterday with reference to the medical practice of making post-mortem examinations whenever somewhat sudden deaths occur.

An inquest was being conducted into the death of James Middleton, aged fifty years, a bricklayer, lately living at Abbots-lane, Clapham, who died before he could be removed to the infirmary.

Dr. Badcock, of West-hill, Wandsworth, said he had not anticipated that death would occur, and added: "I wish to protest that I have not had an opportunity of attending the post-mortem examination."

The Coroner: It is quite useless of you making these silly protests. Why would you not certify as to death? These were respectable people, and you had the history of the case. I object very much to having these inquests forced upon me. If the evidence had been furnished an inquest need not have been held.

A verdict of Death from natural causes was returned.

MOTORISTS IN COURT.

Admiral Gives a Brevilly Nautical Description of a Collision.

A further batch of summonses against motorists for driving at an excessive speed was heard at Hayward's Heath yesterday.

John Talbo Clinton, of Rutherford Lodge, Ullapool, Ross-shire, was fined £10 and 8s. 6d. costs. The police said he travelled thirty miles an hour at Colney.

Captain John Beset Stanford, Hatch House, Tisbury, Wilts, whose speed at Sloughham was put at thirty-three miles an hour, was fined £15 and costs.

Rear-Admiral Foote, of Harrow, accompanied by his wife, were in a cab in Lower Seymour-street, when a motor-car, of which John Russell Fisher was the chauffeur, "drove into the bows of the horse." Yesterday at Marylebone Fisher was fined £10.

At Greenwich yesterday Alfred Knock, New Kent-road, who had no licence to drive, but who knocked a boy down and killed a pony at Catford, was mulcted in penalties of £15.

WEDDING-DAY VICTIMS.

Temptation to drink appears to beset drivers of wedding-carriages, one of whom was fined £10, at Chiswick yesterday for being drunk while driving.

He explained that he had assisted two couples to matrimony that morning, and in each case was given whisky to drink. Moreover, he had no dinner.

FAMILY OF 3,000.

Fire Causes Strange Scenes at a Private Zoo.

BABEL OF ANIMALS.

At No. 33, Waterloo Bridge-road there used to live, until a few hours ago, a happy family, consisting of 3,000 members.

Now the family has been reduced to 2,950, for a sad sorrow has cast a shadow over its happiness.

The death of several puppies, half a dozen canaries, two love-birds, an Australian "cow-bird," and divers larks are being mourned, and many Persian cats and promising young dogs have run away—it is feared, never to return.

A fire was the cause of these distressful things.

All the animals had gone to bed. Silence reigned throughout Mr. Gay's Waterloo Bridge-road "zoo," a silence broken only by the snoring of the guineapigs. The proprietor himself had seen that all was right before he retired to rest.

Then suddenly there was the noise of sharp, terrified barking in the sick-room, where some puppies and Persian cats were recovering from distemper lay.

Stampede of Cats and Puppies.

No sooner was the alarm given than it was taken up all over the establishment. The parrots screamed, the dogs howled, the canaries beat themselves against the bars of their cages. The house became filled with smoke and a babel of cries of terror.

A human being rushed to the door of the sick-room and burst it in. A mass of smoke and flame came rushing out, and fleeing before it a stampede of Persian cats and puppies. Pups and Persians made a wild dash for the back garden and the street, from which the neighbours now came running to the rescue.

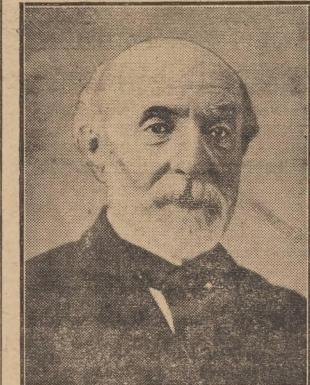
There was a frantic scene of rescue work in the front shop. Cages were seized and flung without safety. Even the snake bowl was not forgotten. Every animal was cleared out before the flames could reach them.

When the fire was got under it was found that twenty birds had been suffocated before they were got out, and upstairs, in the sick-room, were the dead bodies of eight luckless pups who had been unable to join the general stampede.

It was at first feared that the goldfish, which form the most numerous section of the community, had been boiled in their tanks downstairs, but they were discovered swimming about as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Gay thinks that the disaster was caused by a fire kept up in the sick room for the benefit of the invalids. He was able to resume his business on the damaged premises.

DEATH OF SIR MARK COLLETT.



Sir Mark Wilks Collett, who had been a director of the Bank of England since 1866, has just died.—(Elliot and Fry.)

THRONE UNSHAKEN.

"I am the rightful heir to the British throne through William the Conqueror," asserted Charles Hewett, an aged prisoner, in the Mansion House Police Court yesterday.

That was a side issue, however, his attendance at the court being to answer a charge of wandering in the City, being insane.

He had walked all the way from Manchester, and the magistrate ordered him a rest in the country-at an asylum.

Evidence at the inquest on Alfred Hughes, of New Malden, who passed away suddenly, showed that an hour before his death he smoked a cigarette.

THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

Magistrate Regarded as a Universal Provider of Information.

Mr. Lane, K.C., was the subject of a remarkable catechism from a man who applied to him at the West London Police Court yesterday.

"Can I have a licence to drive a tramcar although I have only one eye?" he asked.

Mr. Lane: I'm sure I don't know.

Applicant: I have one glass eye, and the doctor says the other one will be quite sound in a year.

Mr. Lane: You had better go to the police, and they'll tell you all about it.

Applicant: Thank you. Now, if I separate from my wife, can I have half the furniture?

Mr. Lane (smiling): Ah, that's more in my line. Whose furniture is it?

Applicant: Mine.

Mr. Lane: Then you can take it all.

Applicant: Thank you. Now, can you give me an order to see my son's suit of clothes that's pawned?

Mr. Lane: Oh, dear! You must go to the pawnbroker, and if he refuses to give up the suit on production of the ticket, come here for any order. Now, is there anything else?

Applicant: No, thank you, sir, good morning.

"DONE IN TEMPER."

Charge Against Man Who Poured Ammonia Down His Wife's Throat.

By the death of his wife in Guy's Hospital, the case against William Herbert Lucas, 36, an engineer, residing at Parker's-road, Dockhead, becomes more serious.

The poor woman is supposed to have died in consequence of her husband having poured ammonia into her mouth while she slept.

At the Tower Bridge police court yesterday, Mr. Sidney, who defended the accused, asked if he should now be charged with murder.

The police-inspector replied that they would not prefer any other charge than attempted murder till after the inquest.

The woman stated in her dying deposition that she was awakened by the defendant pressing a cloth, on which was ammonia, on her face.

When arrested the prisoner said his wife riled him, and he put a bottle of ammonia under her nose, and some of the contents went on her face.

"It was a very silly action," he added, "done in temper."

MIIGHT HAVE SAVED LIVES.

Fire Station Wanted—Machinist Thanked for His Gallant Efforts.

The necessity for a fully-equipped fire station at Plumstead was emphasised at yesterday's inquest on the woman and two children who perished in a fire in Park-road, Plumstead, last Saturday night.

The only child rescued was saved by Bert Holmes, a machinist, who modestly related how he forced his way through a window into the first-floor bedroom.

"I groped about," he said, "and found a body. I fancy it was that of an adult, but it was too heavy to hold. I ultimately found a child and brought her out."

The Coroner: You behaved very courageously. Mr. Sidney Gamble, second officer of the Fire Brigade, said there was a probability that lives might have been saved if there had been a station at Plumstead.

The jury, in returning a verdict of Accidental Death, asked the coroner to recommend Holmes for the medal of the Royal Humane Society, and expressed the opinion that the evidence showed conclusively that life would have been saved if there had been a fully-equipped station at Plumstead.

QUEST OF A DEAD VOICE.

Girls Seeking Phonograph Souvenir of a Well-Loved Sister.

Three young ladies named Cherry—Jessie, Addie, and Effi—recently toured the United States from ocean to ocean entertaining, mainly by their ridiculous efforts to sing without training.

Jessie died some little time ago, and her sisters are searching everywhere, says a correspondent, for a phonograph record of her peculiarly coarse and unattractive voice. They have heard of many records having been made, for the trio attained some notoriety, but upon the only one offered them the owner placed a prohibitive price. There is a pathetic interest in their quest.

Slightly larger than a pea, seven pearls were found in an oyster by the wife of a Cardiff man who keeps an oyster saloon. Until they are polished their value cannot be accurately estimated.

FATAL CURSE OF BEAUTY.

Nan Patterson's Influence Over Young Begins To Wane.

BEGINNING OF THE END.

In the preceding chapters we have told something of the extraordinary life-story of Nan Patterson, the American "Florodora" girl, who is being tried in New York for the murder of "Cesar" Young, a bookmaker.

In 1902 Nan Patterson, while playing in San Francisco, attracted a young Californian rancher. After leading him on she finally refused to marry him, and the unfortunate fellow committed suicide. The following day Nan left for a holiday at Los Angeles, and while on the journey met "Cesar" Young, who invited her to go to the races at Los Angeles with him.

Young was warned by some friends of the girl's reputation, but took no heed. Gradually he fell under the influence of her beauty, and before she returned to San Francisco he was completely in her power.

CHAPTER V.

The Beginning of the End.

"Cesar" Young's life henceforward became a tragedy. He was torn between two fierce emotions—a passionate infatuation for Nan Patterson and a lingering, remorseful love for his wife.

He became a different man. When he was with the beautiful girl he appeared almost hysterically happy. With reckless extravagance he gratified her every whim, and lavished upon her passionate caresses and endearments.

But apart from her he was moros and sullen. The open, generous character of the man disappeared, and while he did not entirely desert his wife, for weeks together he left her fretting and chafing at her terrible position. She could not bear the unspoken pity of her friends, and none dared openly condone with her.

The racecourse saw little of "Cesar" Young for many months. He neglected his stable and ceased even to enter his horses for the various racing events.

He came to Nan Patterson one afternoon towards the end of the summer of 1903. His face was flushed, and the man could scarcely control himself for nervous excitement.

"I have made 50,000 dollars (£10,000) on Wall-street this afternoon," he said abruptly: "I'm tired of the city. Let's go west again." He strode up and down the room, one moment declaring he would buy a ranch in California, the next that they would go to Europe.

"Give me some wine," he cried presently, "some of that champagne I sent up yesterday."

Nan Was Frightened.

"The girl looked at him with startled, frightened eyes. She had never seen him so strongly excited.

Her look sobered him. In a few minutes he showed a total revulsion of manner. He bent over and kissed the sobbing, frightened girl.

"I was a brute, Nannie," he whispered.

He drove her down to Tiffany's and paid £2,000 for a diamond necklace. On the way back he asked her if she could get ready to leave New York the next morning.

"We'll go back to Los Angeles," he said, "where we were so happy first."

But a change had taken place. In California, after a week or two, he grew moody and dissatisfied again. The girl no longer held him as before. She was as beautiful as ever, the wonder and admiration of every man she met, but Young's better nature was slowly reasserting itself. Her marvellous beauty no longer enthralled him.

"You are getting tired of me, my Cesar," she said plaintively once.

"Nonsense," declared Young. But the fact that the next day he brought her another costly piece of jewellery only turned the doubt in her mind into a certainty.

A Supreme Effort That Failed.

"I shall send for some horses," he announced a fortnight before an important race. He resumed his keen delight in bookmaking, and Nan Patterson knew that if she meant to hold "Cesar" Young she must make a supreme effort.

That night she discarded all her jewellery, save the single-stone diamond ring he had bought for her eighteen months before. She chose a black dress, and in her dark, curling hair put a deep-coloured rose.

She passed into the restaurant of the hotel the girl was startlingly beautiful. There was a subdued look upon her face, and the great blue eyes were lowered as she walked slowly down the room. Men turned in their chairs to gaze after her.

"Cesar" Young looked at the girl a moment and laughed carelessly. "Most effective, my dear," he said lightly, "a remarkably effective entrance."

Nan Patterson gave a little gasping sigh. She had failed, and she knew it.

It was the beginning of the end.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Two sparrows have built their nest in a bell at Southfields (Wandsworth) Station. The bell is rung regularly when a train is due, but despite this the birds still live in this peculiar abode.

"Call Night" of Easter term at the four Inns of Court has been fixed for Wednesday May 17.

Mrs. Maconochie, a wealthy and enthusiastic Church-worker, has been elected people's warden for St. Stephen's, Maidstone.

Engraved on a wedding-ring found on the dead body of a respectably dressed woman washed up by the sea at Brighton yesterday was the name "Dowsing."

Convulsions, brought on by sucking the phosphorus heads of seventeen matches, caused the death of a little two-year-old boy named David Daniel, at Liverpool.

Twelve hundred pounds constituted the offertory taken at Wakefield Cathedral at the consecration ceremony. From £800 to £1,000 is all that is now needed to clear the new extension of all debt.

Papermaking is to be added to Grimsby's industries. On a site of six acres at Little Coates, close to the Great Central Railway, a Yorkshire firm intend erecting large paper mills at a cost of about £100,000.

On Moor Farm, Harberton, South Devon, there is a small pool in which two sons of the occupier of the homestead have, at different times, come to a sad end. Now the mother, aged seventy-five, has been found lying dead in the same place.

Because a large hat she was wearing obstructed her line of vision, a lady cyclist at Bury was unable to observe the approach of a tramcar which knocked her down.

By twenty-five votes to four, the borought councillors have decided to clear King-street, Hammersmith, of all costermongers' stalls.

Everything passed off satisfactorily at the first cremation at Sheffield, which took place this week. The actual ceremony lasted an hour and a half.

Lancashire colliery firms are about to sink new mines in North-East Nottinghamshire. Many South Lancashire coal-pits are rapidly becoming exhausted.

Whixall village, near Whitchurch, has been celebrating the marriage of its incumbent. At a presentation to the vicar it was stated that "for 200 years the vicarage of Whixall had not been reigned over by a wife."

Bristol manufactures paving slabs out of the clinkers produced at the municipal destructor. The process is simple and economical, the crushed clinkers being mixed with cement that has been carefully tested to see that it has a high breaking strength.

Extra weekly allowances of tobacco to the men excavating on the new hospital grounds were refused by the Ashton-under-Lyne guardians. "If you want to encourage them to work," said a member, "give them a beef steak or a mutton chop to their dinner."

AUTHOR OF THE COMING "DAILY MIRROR" SERIAL.



Mr. Arthur Applin, author of "Lost in the Winning," the first instalment of which will appear in the "Daily Mirror" to-morrow, has an interesting record. He is well known both as a novelist and actor, and, beside playing Lord Bramfield in "John Chilcott, M.P.," which is to be produced at the St. James's Theatre next week, he is understudying the "double" of Mr. George Alexander.

Mushrooms were yesterday gathered under the shade of Ingleborough (Yorkshire), which is at present capped with snow.

Claimed to be the second authenticated occurrence of the species in the county, a pair of little owls has been discovered in a Leicestershire willow tree.

Burnt bald at a hay-shed fire at Alsager which he had himself caused, George Bowler was charged with arson at Sandbach, Cheshire. He was sent to gaol for three weeks for "sleeping out."

Pork-pie which they purchased and ate at Buxton made a father and son named Welsh so ill that, on returning to New Mills, Derbyshire, they became unconscious. Both are suffering from ptomaine poisoning.

Three visitors to Fleetwood (Lancs.) were surrounded by the tide opposite the promenade. They discovered their dangerous predicament in time, but had to go up to their armpits in water to get ashore. One man was carried off his feet.

With his right arm very much swollen, as the result of an adder-bite, a boy named Day has been admitted to Stafford Infirmary. The lad's brother succeeded in killing the reptile, which was 27in. long and black and white in colour.

At Port Kingston, which has reached Bristol from Jamaica, beat the West India Direct Mail Company's records in two particulars. Her 150 passengers constituted the largest number carried, and her 36,000 bunches of bananas also surpassed previous cargoes.

ACTOR AND NOVELIST.

Author of the Coming "Daily Mirror" Serial Appearing at the St. James's Theatre.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

Among the novelists of the present day there are few with a more varied and interesting record than Mr. Arthur Applin, the writer of the new serial story, "Lost in the Winning," which commences in the "Daily Mirror" to-morrow.

Besides having written many successful stories, prominent among which are "The Shadow of Her Sin" (published in the "Evening News"), "The Clatter of the Clogs," and "Rags and Riches," Mr. Applin, whose photograph is reproduced on this page, is also well known as an actor. For some time past he has been touring in the provinces with "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," in which part he distinguished himself by his acting of the part of Rollins, the unhappy lover. Curiously enough, at the same time that his story will be appearing in the pages of the "Daily Mirror," Mr. Applin will be playing at the St. James's Theatre in a drama which is an adaptation of "John Chilcott, M.P.," the serial story that was recently published in the "Daily Mail."

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S "DOUBLE."

In this play the author-actor will take the part of Lord Bramfield, and he will also understudy Mr. Thorne, the London manager of the "Smart Set," who is acting as "double" for Mr. Alexander. "Lost in the Winning," Mr. Applin's latest work of fiction, will appear in the "Daily Mirror" to-morrow, is a powerful dramatic story of enthralling interest. It deals with the world of finance, and although not primarily a racing story, two favourites for the Derby and the corruption of some persons connected with the Turf play a prominent part in shaping the destinies of the lovers and those who keep them apart.

FRENCH V. ENGLISH ANGLERS.

The fifty English anglers who went from various parts of England to engage in a friendly contest with 250 French fishermen at Saussay, a little village some thirty miles from Paris, had a most amusing holiday, and though they were beaten by their French confrères, they were by no means disgraced.

The fifty, many being accompanied by their wives, were met at the railway station by a great crowd of anglers and inhabitants of the village, who were headed by a band, which, as the train steamed in, played the English National Anthem. Then, after a cordial welcome, they marched to the lake shown in our photograph on page 9, where the contest took place.

After two and a half hours' fishing, M. Thibergien, a Frenchman, who had caught seventeen fish weighing 2lb. 12ozs., was declared the winner. The catch of Mr. Howden, an Englishman, weighed 3lb. 2ozs., but, as there were only fifteen fish in his basket, he had to take second place.

After the contest the visitors were entertained at a concert, a banquet, and a ball, and they departed for England giving hearty cheers for "Fentente cordiale."

MOTOR AND CYCLE WEDDING.

A picturesque scene was witnessed at Liverpool when Mr. J. Anderson, captain of the Derby Cycling Club, was married to Miss Scott, a member of the same club. One hundred and fifty cyclists, each carrying flowers, rode to St. Phillips's Church, which is some eight miles from the city, to witness the ceremony. The bride and bridegroom, who rode in the motor shown in our photograph on page 8, back to the city.

REVIVAL SEERS.

Far-off Concert Singer's Conversion Intimated to an Evangelist in a Trance.

Mr. Evan Roberts, as everyone knows, accused a person present at a Liverpool revival meeting of trying to hypnotise him. A psychologist afterwards admitted the attempt. And Mr. Roberts has since declared that he knew three weeks earlier that the attempt would be made—before it had been determined upon.

Another remarkable drama of spiritual life has just been made public. A preacher living in South Wales was deeply concerned for the religious welfare of a friend who lived in North Wales, a concert-singer. Without the other's knowledge the preacher, with some friends, formed a "praying-circle" for his special benefit. All the members were pledged to pray at certain stated times for his conversion.

While in Anglesey, holding a meeting, the preacher suddenly fell into a trance, like Evan Roberts. As suddenly he sprang up, and cried joyfully, "Thank God, I have gained the victory." He explained that in a vision he had heard his friend announce his conversion.

On inquiry it was found that at that very moment the singer had publicly professed his conversion hundreds of miles away.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
13, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1905

PAYMENT OF MEMBERS.

ONE of the most interesting clauses in the new Transvaal Constitution is that which provides for the payment of members of the Legislative Assembly. Their salaries are not to be large. Two hundred a year is the limit. It is the admission of the principle which is important. If payment of members is good for the Transvaal, why do we not have it here?

The usual answer is that we have plenty of idle people in this country who are quite willing to be M.P.s for nothing. And the answer to that is, "Look what a muddle these incompetent, idle people make of our affairs. Observe how steadily the House of Commons has been sinking in public esteem. See how hopeless it is to expect it to take seriously in hand the re-making of England."

At present it is very difficult for an earnest, intelligent man who has not been born rich to get into Parliament until he is too old to do any good there. If it were not for the self-sacrifice of the labouring classes, there would be no Labour members. They have to be supported, of course; and, if the middle classes had any sense, they would not grumble so much about bad government and high taxes: they would pay members to represent them and make things better.

Two hundred a year is enough to keep a man who has some calling to follow when Parliament is not sitting. It is not enough to attract adventurers. Any candidate clever enough to induce electors to return him for the sake of £200 a year would be able to earn ten times that amount by persuading them to buy pills or to put their money into imaginary gold mines.

A PLEA FOR HISsing.

The Rev. Sydney Smith of famous memory said he could imagine no more terrible fate than being preached to death by wild curates. We fancy being "entertained to death" by ambitious music-hall performers would run it pretty close.

Presumably Mr. Oswald Stoll has taken precautions against fatal results at to-day's matinée, which is to give sixty-two "artists" from the provinces chances of convincing a jury of journalists that they ought to be offered London engagements. But the risk is not one to be lightly undergone.

These fortunate sixty-two have been chosen out of no fewer than 28,000 performers, or would-be performers, who asked for a trial. Is it any wonder that both the regular and the variety stages are overcrowded? Is it any wonder that the standard of merit in our theatres should be so deplorably low?

If those who seek to entertain the public had to go through a training such as was imposed upon their predecessors of fifty years ago the result would be good in two ways. Their numbers would fall, and their efforts would be more successful.

As it is, almost anybody with a good conceit and a capacity for "push" can get on to the stage. The consequence is seen in the falling dividends of places of entertainment and in such sad cases as that of the young actress who has just killed herself because she could not get work.

The public knows well enough what is good and what feeble. But it is too kind to show it. Performers who are not up to the mark ought to be booted off the stage. Nothing that is not really good of its kind ought to be tolerated. More hissing in theatres and music-halls is the only remedy for the present unsatisfactory state of affairs.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The salary in any business under heaven is not the only, nor indeed the first, question. That you should continue to exist is a matter for your own consideration; but that your business should be first honest, and second useful, are points in which honour and morality are concerned.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

KING EDWARD'S approaching visit to Paris, which he expects to reach on Saturday night, will be what royalties, in their rather pathetic endeavours to secure a little privacy, are pleased to call an incognito one. That means practically that official dinners, gala performances, processions, and so on, will be struck out of the programme, but it does not mean that the King, who is almost as well known in Paris as he is here, will pass without recognition. The French Government is always particularly careful to see that no royalty under its protection shall wander about unattended in the city.

The first visit which the King paid to Paris after his coronation had, it will be remembered, an official object. Still, once or twice during his stay the King tried to escape from the troops, the crowds, and the cheering. I happened to be in Paris at the time, and I remember that on Sunday morning

his Majesty announced that he would go to the English Protestant church, "informally," for service. "I shall walk," he said airily; "no orders need be given." Alas! When he started out for that pleasantly informal walk to the church in the Rue d'Aguesseau he found the streets lined with troops, the houses emptied of people, and the traffic stopped for the morning!

pots were empty," and that her people had no money to speak of.

* * *

Still more delicate were the hints which the dusky Queen threw out for a present of cattle. "We could have given you gifts of cattle," she said significantly, "but we are poor. All I have is one cow. It is so small that I will not call it a cow, I will call it a goat. Therefore I say I give you a goat." She was quite consoled when his Excellency informed her that he would make her a present of three oxen. Apparently the Queen, whom poverty had doubtless soured, was not popular with her people. Sir Arthur asked a chief why they were so badly off, and he replied apologetically, "No herd of bull antelopes can be led by a cow."

* * *

LORD WINDSOR, who is to open the Building Trades Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall to-day, is himself quite an architectural expert and an artisseur of great discernment. He has travelled all over Italy looking at pictures and churches, and he built himself an enormous house in Worcestershire which cost him far more than he had estimated it would, as houses built by amateurs generally do. Lord Windsor's good looks were unfortunately marred at school by an accident at cricket. He was hit by a ball and a ball struck him on the nose so violently that it broke the bridge, and left him permanently disfigured.

* * *

M. Charles Schwab, the famous ex-president of the Steel Trust, is not one of the millionaires who make a point of concealing from the public their ways of "getting through" their incomes. We have just learnt that he has paid £30,000 for a dinner service, and not long ago details were supplied as to the almost incredible cost of the sumptuous mansion he built for himself in New York. Again, when Mr. Schwab was president of the Steel Combination, a delightful story was told of how millionaires sometimes "confound themselves in politenesses" and fling thousands about, like farthings, at one another's heads.

* * *

M. Schwab, as the story went, was receiving a salary of £200,000 a year from Mr. Andrew Carnegie. A German firm then offered him a much bigger prize than that, but Mr. Schwab, loyal to his first employer, refused it. This refusal came to the ears of Mr. Carnegie, and he, not to be outdone, sent Mr. Schwab a five years' contract, giving the sum named by the Germans. Now enters Mr. Pierpoint Morgan, who represents, a few months later, that the existence of this contract might embarrass Mr. Carnegie in one of his gigantic deals.

* * *

Immediately Mr. Schwab tears up the contract in an access of self-delight, and immediately Mr. Carnegie, in a feverish access still, sends Mr. Schwab a cheque for £900,000. The story makes one feel a little giddy. Equally romantic was the first chapter of Mr. Schwab's history. He was a poor lad who worked all day in a grocery "store," with dreams of being a civil engineer some day. One morning, Mr. Jones, a superintendent of Mr. Carnegie's corps of engineers, entered the shop to buy something. That was the boy's chance. He implored the stranger to give him a place. The stranger was struck by his earnestness, and consented. Six months after that the grocer's boy was made superintendent in place of Mr. Jones.

* * *

Playgoers will be pleased to hear that charming Miss Muriel Beaumont has returned once more to her part in "The Walls of Jericho," which appears now to have established itself as a permanent institution at the Garrick. I hear that Miss Beaumont had a very serious accident, which kept her for weeks away from the theatre. She was putting some flowers into a glass vase which had a dangerously sharp edge. There were too many flowers to fit exactly, and as she was forcing them in her hand slipped on to the edge of the glass and two of her fingers were cut almost to the bone. It naturally took a long time for so painful and dangerous a wound to heal.

* * *

Star-gazing is now a recognised profession, and Sir William Christie, whose health was proposed in such witty terms by Colonel Diver at the Great Yarmouth Golf Club dinner, is its most distinguished member. As Astronomer Royal, it is Sir William's duty to predict eclipses and all other sky phenomena, and if the end of the world were at hand he would certainly have to warn us of the fact. The occupation of gazing heavenwards is apparently a very healthy one, since there have only been six Astronomers Royal since the day when Charles II. founded the office, and one of Sir John Airy, held it for no less than forty-six years.

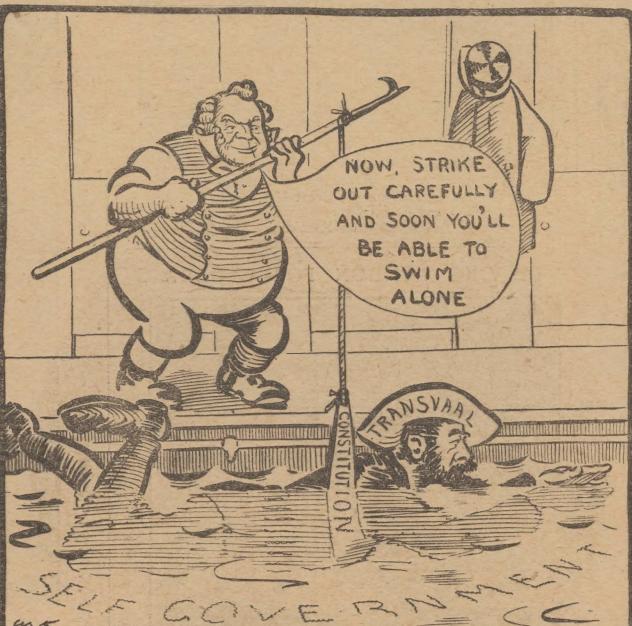
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IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 26.—After nearly a fortnight of cold winds, warm days have at last returned. The green of the garden gradually grows deeper. New rosebuds appear every day. Summer is close at hand. On the rockery many plants commence to flower. The perennial candytuft, always welcome, will soon be a dazzling white mass of bloom. Several buds are open on the beautiful mountain sandwort. Bold and well-established clumps of the yellow-flowered doronicum now look very gay as they glitter in the spring sunshine. Doronicons, if cut down after they have finished blooming, will flower again later in the year.

E. F. T.

JOHN BULL TEACHES BROTHER BOER TO SWIM.



The Transvaal has now been granted a constitution and representative Government. If this experiment succeeds, it will before long be able to govern itself entirely.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A.

TOMORROW people will be admiring his work at the private view of the Royal Academy. To-day he presides at the London artists' dinner to the Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

Both his painting on the one occasion and his manner on the other will be full of the extraordinary neatness which is so characteristic of him.

This neatness, which enters into every detail of his life, is the outcome of his Dutch birth. His studio not a spot of paint has ever fallen on the polished floor. No paint-brushes lie about, and even when one is seen it is always perfectly clean.

He is so particular that he always washes them himself.

And he has the Dutch love of his home. It is one of the most beautiful in London, and every stone and every piece of carved woodwork has his individuality stamped upon it. It would have to be pulled down and rebuilt before his influence in it could be destroyed. Even the polished floors bear his initials in their designs.

But he is none the less a person of social tastes, and in spite of his years—he was born the year before Queen Victoria came to the throne—he still goes about a great deal.

But he can never tear himself away from his home for long.

And he is too hard a worker to travel far. Occasional short trips to the country and rare journeys to Italy are all the holidays he allows himself. The rest of his life is art and his many friends. His pastimes may be of old time, but his thoughts and his talk show no sign of pedantry.

Generous, genial, warm-hearted, a lover of jokes, a lover of anecdotes, whether they be good, bad, or indifferent, always cheerfully looking on the best side of things, he is the best of companions. And—a rare quality in an artist—he seldom talks of his art.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Europe and America.

"And you think the good die young?"

"They do if they're wise!"—*"Life"* (American).

"And are there many sufferers from heart complaints here, Baron?"

"Naturally, Countess, since you are here."—*"Dorfbarbier"* (German).

Natural instincts do not tell a man what ought to be done nearly so often as his friends do.—*"Puck"* (American).

Her Husband: Your new frock is a perfect dream, but isn't it cut just a little low?

His Wife: Ah! that's what's called "poetic licence," you see.—*"Meggedendorf Blätter"* (German).

No man ought ever to write a love letter without thinking constantly how it will sound when it is read out loud in court.—*"Somerville Journal."*

"Darringer, have you a half-sovereign you don't want?"

"Why, certainly, here it is."

The next day—I say, Darringer, that half-sovereign you gave me was a bad one."

"Yes, Bromley. You asked me if I had a half-sovereign that I didn't want."—*"Birmingham Pictorial and Dart."*

"Why do you call your auto she?"

"Because it is always breaking down at critical moments, raising the devil most of the time, and keeps me broke."—*"Life."*

NEWS

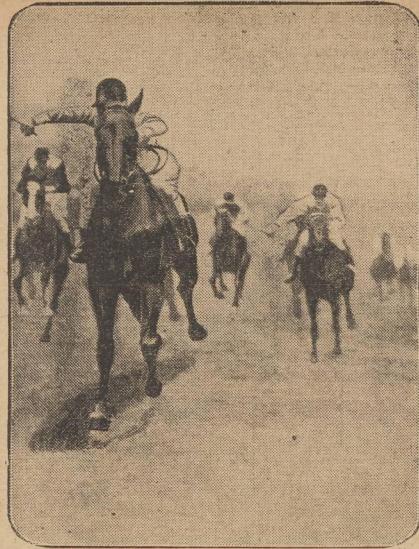
by "Mirror"

MOTOR AND CYCLE WEDDING.



When Mr. J. Anderson, captain of the Derby Cycling Club at Liverpool, was married to Miss Gertrude Scott, a member of the club, 150 cyclists rode to the wedding on their machines.

METROPOLITAN STAKES.



The finish of the race for the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom. Long Tom, the favourite, winning by four lengths from Karakoul.

LEAVING LONDON FOR CANADA.



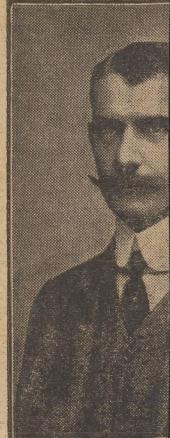
Five hundred emigrants leaving Euston Station yesterday for Liverpool, to embark on the Dominion liner Vancouver, which has been specially chartered by the Salvation Army to convey 1,000 people to Canada. Many pathetic scenes were witnessed on the platform.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 8.

WEDDINGS OF THE DAY I



The Hon. Dorothy Calthorpe, daughter of Lord Calthorpe, who today will be married to—



Mr. Charles Forestier, the late Sir George L... who will be marrie...



— the Earl of Malmesbury at Winchfield, Hants.—(Esme Collings and Elliott and Fry.)



Colonel Mansel, of Abergavenny.—

CLEVER CHILDREN IN "HER OWN WAY," THE



One of the features of "Her Own Way," Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, which four terribly precocious American children at their lunch-party. He they are having

TOWN AND COUNTRY.



Miss Eileen Hamilton-Fletcher, who at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, to-day will be married to—



Major L. R. Fisher-Rowe, of the Grenadier Guards, son of Mr. Fisher-Rowe, of Guildford.—(Thomson.)

daughter of
dill Court,
fier.)

AMERICAN PLAY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



been produced at the Lyric Theatre, is the behaviour of Anna Carley (Miss Maxine Elliott) as asking the children if

ANGLO-FRENCH ANGLING.



Fifty English anglers recently visited Saussay, a little village about thirty miles from Paris, to engage in a competition with 250 French fishermen. This is a standard-bearer of one of the French angling societies that met to greet the Englishmen.



M. Thibergien, of Roubaix, who won the first prize in the competition by catching seventeen fish in two and a half hours.



Weighing the catches. The first prize was won by a Frenchman, who caught seventeen fish, weighing 2lb. 12oz. Mr. Howden, an Englishman, secured a catch weighing 3lb. 2oz, but as he had only fifteen fish he took the second place.

VIEWS

Cameras

NEW TYPE OF SUBMARINE.



The BI, the first of England's new type of submarines, which has just arrived at Portsmouth from Barrow, whence she travelled under her own power.

STRANGE POPPY FROM TIBET.



This yellow poppy, the meconopsis intergrifolia, was exhibited for the first time in Europe at the Horticultural Society's show at Westminster. It was brought from the frontier of Tibet.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR FARMERS?

Derelict County Lying at the Doors
of London's Millions.

Every year in the spring-time, when other parts of England are green with the young crops and fair with fruit-blossom, travellers through Essex wonder why that county is so different from the rest.

Wherever one goes in Essex neglected hedgerows, shoddy roads, tumbling barns, and rotting cottages indicate the decay of a county which ought to be the granary of London and the market-garden of six million people.

Can anything be done to reclaim Essex?

Recently a circular has been issued to large employers of labour asking them to invite their employees to support a new movement for the benefit of Essex.

Agricultural Essex, according to this circular, is hampered in its attempt at regeneration by the fact that its produce cannot be placed on the market.

London's great meat market at Smithfield is in the hands of the great importers of American beef, who fix the price and keep the trade in their own channel. London's bakers are tied to American millers, and can only use American flour.

If butchers and bakers would emancipate themselves from the bonds of the American trusts, and order their beef and flour from home producers, a new era would dawn for the agriculturists of England, and the redemption of derelict Essex could be accomplished.

THE REMEDY.

After all it depends on the public, the great meat-eating, bread-devouring public. If the public order in the butchers and bakers will comply with the demand for home produce, and Essex will supply it.

London, with Gargantuan appetite, consumes the meat of 3,000 cattle each day.

The writers of the circular calculate that a daily demand for only one hundred Essex bullocks for London consumption would necessitate the immediate transfer to Essex and continuous staffing of 8,000 Irish beasts.

In similar manner they calculate that if a demand for Essex bread equal to 32,000 quarter loaves per day—only a small fraction of London's daily consumption—could be created, it would warrant the ploughing of 60,000 acres of land in Essex now out of cultivation.

More interesting still is the calculation that bread from home-grown wheat could be sold at 1d. per quarton loaf cheaper, and beef from home-grown bullocks at 1d. per lb. below the prices at which American beef is sold.

Mr. E. O. Greening, editor of the "Agricultural Economist," and England's leading authority on agricultural co-operation, has been asked by the *Daily Mirror* what he thinks of these figures and the reclamation of Essex.

Essex, according to Mr. Greening, because it is derelict, requires more than any other English county to be recultivated by trained expert agriculturists. Essex, in fact, wants men first of all, and then measures.

In one way it is getting the men—shrewd, prac-

tical, close-fisted, and well educated farmers from the Scottish Lowlands, who are dragging a living out of the reluctant soil of Essex in spite of all drawbacks and difficulties.

But Mr. Greening sees the need for more men, and he believes they can be got by training in agricultural colleges and classes. Only the best type of farmer, the man with education, can be used in the regeneration of Essex.

Having got the right kind of men on the soil, Mr. Greening would help them in every possible way. State aid, he thinks, is almost imperative. Such aid would be directed towards improving the roads and lowering the local rates. The latter press most harshly on the man who attempts to improve his land by the erection of glasshouses or new farm buildings.

Above all, it is important that the means of locomotion should be improved. Essex railways must be worked with Essex villages by means of motor services, light electric tram lines along widened highways. Adding machinery, both for cultivation and road conveyance, and rounding off the whole by a system of co-operation, Mr. Greening thus presents a complete scheme for reviving agriculture, applicable not only to Essex but to the whole of England.

Only by doing all these things, he says, can England compete in agriculture with America and the Colonies.

SLEEPLESS SHAKESPEARE.

The Poet's Many References to the Miseries of Insomnia.

Did Shakespeare suffer from insomnia? Mr. Churton Collins, the great authority on Shakespeare, says that he did. In the May "Boudoir" Magazine he points out that Shakespeare must have been distressingly familiar with its tortures.

Time after time his characters are made to refer to the agonies of sleeplessness and the blessings of sleep.

"To say nothing of the famous lines in 'Macbeth,' and of the two great soliloquies in the second part of 'Henry IV.' and in 'Henry V.," says Mr. Collins, "what is Margaret's curse on Richard III.:-

No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine.

"What is Jago's first exclamation after he has wrecked Othello's peace of mind?"

Not propria nostra mandragora;

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world;

Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep

Which thou渥est yesterday.

"What is Friar Laurence's instructive comment when Romeo comes to visit him in the early morning?"

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie,

Therefore thou渥est golden sleep doth reign.

"What says Brutus as he bends over the sleeping boy Lucius in 'Julius Caesar'?"

Enjoy the homely quietude of slumber:

There are no figures nor no fantasies;

Which busy care draws in the brains of men;

Therefore thou渥est so sound.

"And how admirably is the state familiar to bad sleepers described in 'Hamlet'?"

Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,

That would not let me sleep; methought I lay

Worse than the matines in the bilboos."

"Again, in no fewer than four of the sonnets (XXXI., XXVII., XXXVII., and LXI.) the pains of sleeplessness are dwelt on."

Shakespeare must have had experience to have spoken so feelingly.

JOHN INGLENTANT, by J. H. Shorthouse. Macmillan, 2s.

A very well got-up reprint, on good paper, well-printed,

and well bound.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES, by Charles Dickens. The latest addition to Nelson's Sixpenny Classics. A really

wonderfully cheap series.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

MOTOR-CARS ON THE RIVIERA.

A correspondent of the "Times" is, I see, very angry with the Riviera authorities for running tramways along the roads and "interfering with motor-car traffic." He threatens that motorists will not go to the Riviera if the authorities do not show more consideration.

Personally, I wish they would stop away. I have just come back from six weeks' stay at Cannes, and assure you the motor-cars make the beautiful coast almost unbearable. The dust they raise, and the alarm they cause, will certainly send me somewhere else next year.

I think the Riviera must choose between motorists and non-motorists. The latter are at any rate more numerous.

F. C. H. P.

Cadogan-gardens, S.W.

MR. LEWIS WALLER'S ROMEO.

Your critic's comment on Mr. Waller's dress in "Romeo and Juliet" is of trifling importance, but when this actor is charged with want of "real feeling" and as lacking "sincerity" it is time for those who admire his superb acting, his splendid elocution, and many other charms, to make some protest.

Who can listen attentively to his utterance of the love passages in "Romeo and Juliet," or watch his complete abandonment when he learns his fate—and say he is not "sincere"?

If there is one charm in this actor that stands out more prominently than the rest, it is his sincerity and depth of feeling, portrayed without any of the mannerisms and affectation so lamentably conspicuous in many of our leading actors.

A PLAYGOER.

A PARODY OF EDUCATION.

I can well believe the servant mentioned by "Disgusted" imagined every country had a separate moon, and thought Ireland was in Africa. I have met girls living within five minutes' walk of the River Thames, who, though they knew the district drained by the river, had never seen it or taken the trouble to think that the river so near the Thames.

Many bright girls who pass Standard VII. leave school for the factory—never look at a book again or converse with intelligent companions, and two years after have forgotten nearly all they learnt. RIPLEY-ROAD.

E. A. C.

ALIEN PILOTS ON THE THAMES.

You are quite right. These alien pilots do undoubtedly constitute a grave danger to our country should war break out. Apart from this, I think it very unfair to every British seaman that navigates the Thames. There is not another country that would allow a British subject to navigate its waters.

SUITOWNER.

FOR WOMEN ONLY.

What a boon it would be to lady clerks working in the City if one of our large catering firms were to open a restaurant for ladies only.

Some restaurants have ladies' dining-rooms, but very few. Surely such a restaurant as I suggest would pay any enterprising firm to open, say, near the Mansion House.

S. H. W.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

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AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS WHO ARRIVED YESTERDAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MEN WHO HOPE TO BEAT ENGLAND'S BEST.



The Australian cricket team, which arrived in England yesterday. Reading from left to right, their names are: — First row: R. A. Duff (N.S.W.), W. W. Armstrong (Victoria), M. A. Noble (N.S.W.), Clem Hill (S.A.), J. Darling (S.A.). Second row: W. P. Howell (N.S.W.), J. J. Kelly (N.S.W.), S. E. Gregory (N.S.W.), C. E. McLeod (Victoria), V. Trumper (N.S.W.). Third row: G. J. Hopkins (N.S.W.), F. Laver (manager), A. Cotter (N.S.W.), D. R. Gehrs (S.A.), and P. Newland (S.A.).

SOULS ADRIFF.

(Continued from page 10.)

had condemned her friend that day! And now she, the Puritan girl, by the strange vagary of fate, was about to act in the same way! Let her at least do as Paula would have done, offer to her conscience the sop of open confession. She clung to this determination with morbid tenacity.

"Very well," said Jack at last. He was not in the mood to dispute any fancy of Cecilia's. "If we are to go it had better be at once, for I may have no time to spare when I return to London."

A little later the two young people set out in a cab for Bloomsbury. They were bent on a dangerous errand; and Cecilia knew it.

An anxious-eyed maid-of-all-work opened the door to them, when, in due time, they reached their destination. She recognised Cecilia with a start, and began to talk before she could be questioned. She spoke sharply and disjointedly, her respect tempered by fear.

"Oh, ma'am, you've come back. I'm so glad. You hadn't ought to go away and leave your husband when he's no better'n a raving lunatic. It ain't fair upon us, who have enough to do to mind our own business—"

Here Jack interposed. "Is Mr. Lidiard in?" he asked.

"In! He ain't never been out since Mrs. Lidiard went off. And the way he's been going on is positively awful. Yellin' and moanin' and talkin' to himself; smashin' up the furniture, too—or that's what it sounded like. There's nobody dared go near him. We had thought of sendin' for the police, but he's been quieter since the morning. We haven't heard a sound since midday, so Mrs. Watts thinks as he has gone to sleep. You'd better go up and find out." But I must say that to go and leave 'im—"

Jack silenced the plaint that was about to commence by slipping a coin into the girl's hand. He turned to his companion.

"I must not allow you to come up, Cecilia," he said sternly. "I am quite convinced that it would not be expedient. You must wait down here, dear. Will you stay for me?"

He saw her go, trembling, into a little room on the ground floor, then, directed by the maid, he mounted the narrow stairs and knocked at the door of the room which served Robert Lidiard as a studio.

There was no answer. He knocked again and yet again.

The door was locked. "Are you sure he is within?" Jack turned to the girl, whose curiosity had overcome her fear, and who stood just behind him, prepared to run if the necessity arose.

"Yes, sir; quite sure."

The door was a flimsy structure. Jack put his shoulder against it and exerted his great strength. The resistance was quickly overcome, and the door flew open.

The room was a chaos of disorder. It was as if a

great struggle had taken place. The madman in his frenzy had evidently fought with himself. The pictures—Robert Lidiard's recent attempts at painting—unframed studies—had been torn from the walls, rent and hacked at with a knife, disfigured beyond recognition. Alone the picture which Cecilia had called "Souls Adrift" remained intact, standing unharmed upon its easel, grim witness of the madman's delirious and senseless passion.

Jack had no time to ransack the room. He had made his way at once to the low couch upon which the man himself was lying, huddled up in an unnatural position, his arms thrown above his head, his face discoloured and horribly contorted. Robert Lidiard lay flat on his back, the cushions and pillows thrown from him, their cases torn as though by the grip of agonised fingers.

Jack stooped down and made a quick examination. The man was dead—not sleeping. A morphine syringe lay upon the floor—the stool upon which the poison had been placed over-turned, the bottle broken.

The maid had stolen in behind Jack. She caught sight of the horrible figure, of the ghastly face, and ran screaming from the room. Jack turned to stop her, knowing that she would carry the news to Cecilia, but it was too late.

Presently he heard a step on the stair, and he quickly withdrew from the couch, going out to meet Cecilia. As she appeared upon the landing he closed the door of the studio behind him.

"Is it true, Jack?" she panted. Her face was deadly pale, she was trembling in every limb.

He took her arm and gently led her away from the studio, back to the little room from which she had come.

"Yes, it is true," he whispered. "Robert Lidiard is dead, Cecilia, poisoned. The words which we came here to say need never be spoken."

(To be concluded.)

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

If the pores become clogged, by neglect or of the rules of hygiene, or by skin disease, ill-health is sure to result. If the skin be unhealthy, it cannot properly perform its functions of removing the perspiration or of secreting the natural oil, and is therefore a constant source of danger. With adequate attention, however, it is possible to do more to improve the condition of a bad skin than of any other part of the body.

WHAT THE SKIN IS.

The skin is a breathing organ like the lungs, and it is of the utmost importance that every pore should be kept open, and that is why "Antexema Soap" should always be used. In addition to cleansing the surface of the skin perfectly, it also cleanses the pores and keeps them free and able to do their work properly. In addition to being a breathing organ, the skin is also a natural focus for the manufacture of the beautiful protecting blanket (for such it really is) called the cuticle or scarf-skin, which thinly envelope the entire exterior of the body. The surface of the skin is covered with millions of tiny pores or glands, and the bulk of these remove, by means of the perspiration, the watery waste of the system, and the remainder secrete the natural oil of the skin, which makes it soft, smooth, and elastic.

WHAT A SKIN TROUBLE IS.

If the health of the outer or scarf-skin is affected in any way some form of skin trouble results. If, for instance, too much oil is secreted by the oil glands of the skin, it accumulates on the surface and in the glands and produces a muddy complexion or face spots. If, on the other hand, the supply of oil is scanty, the skin is delicate and irritable, and looks red, rough, cracked, or neglected, and eczema frequently follows.

If there is undue pressure on the scarf-skin at any particular spot, it becomes thickened, and a corn or bunion forms. Then, again, the scarf-skin may be unhealthy, and give rise to chronic eczema or psoriasis, or the blood may be impure and cause sores, for, as Shakespeare says: "Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions." Other skin troubles are due to microbes or microscopic fungi eating into the surface, or the perspiration may be acid and contain excess of impurities, and so cause irritation or inflammation, as in rheumatic or gouty eczema, nettle rash, and shingles. The scarf-skin may even be temporarily destroyed by a burn, scald, or acute eczema; but whatever the cause of discomfort or disfigurement, the one question asked by the sufferer is, "How can I get relief, and make my skin white, pure, and healthy?" Read on, and you will find the answer.

THE "ANTEXEMA" ERIN REMEDIES.

Twenty years ago the wonderful skin remedy "Antexema" and the "Angexena" treatment were discovered by a well-known doctor who had made a special study of skin troubles and their cure. They were introduced to the public, and proved to be the simplest and most certain method of immediately relieving, and ultimately curing, skin troubles, the world has ever seen. "Antexema" is a cooling, healing liquid, which is cleanly and pleasant to use, and is scarcely visible on the skin. Its distinctive feature is, that when applied to the skin, it forms a temporary scarf-skin, which, by taking the place of the lost or diseased cuticle, enables a fresh and healthy one to form naturally.

FAMILY HANDBOOK.

The great interest which the public take in the subject treated of above is shown by the thousands of letters we receive every month asking for the information that we make a special offer to our readers of a most interesting book, dealing with the matter in fuller detail. This offer will be found towards the end of this column. Our family handbook on "Skin Troubles" treats the subject in a scientific and yet perfectly simple way, and it should be in the hands not only of all parents, but of everyone who values a healthy skin. It deals with the nature and varieties of skin trouble, their cause, their proper treatment, correct diet, and all the information can be turned up at a moment's notice owing to the alphabetical arrangement which has been adopted.

HAVE YOU ANY SKIN TROUBLE?

Please understand the question. We are not simply asking whether you have any serious trouble such as eczema, psoriasis, shingles, erysipelas, or anything of that kind. If you have, you can surely accept the testimony of thousands of people who have written to us, and whose letters you can see, that "Antexema" will cure you; but suppose you are merely suffering from blackheads, roughness of the skin, a burn, scald, bruise, or blister, cracked lips, or any other slight skin ailment. "Antexema" will soon put you right again. Don't use cold cream or some similar preparation, because, though this may soften and soothe the skin, it cannot cure the real trouble, whilst "Antexema" will do all that cold cream will do, and it will also cure you."

COMMENCE WITH "ANTEXEMA" TO-DAY.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s., 1d., and 2s. 9d., or can be obtained direct, post free, in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. Read our handbook, entitled "Skin Troubles," which is packed with valuable and interesting information regarding all skin ailments, and is sent with every bottle supplied, or will be forwarded post free to readers of *Daily Mirror*, together with a free trial of "Antexema" and 200 testimonials from persons cured. All you need do is to mention *Daily Mirror* when you write, and enclose three penny stamps to cover postage and packing, and send your letter to "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.

A New Story

of thrilling interest
will begin To-morrow
in the "Daily Mirror."

DO NOT MISS IT.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE SUMMER—PRETTY PARASOLS.

THE SEASON'S SUNSHADES.

SOME HINGED STICKS FROM MARIE ANTOINETTE PERIOD.

The weather has changed again, and for the moment, at any rate, parasols make a seasonable subject of discourse. The newest are to have very long sticks with a hinge in the middle so that they can be folded to quite a small size, and the handles and sticks will be tinted to match the silk of the cover. The parasols themselves will be made mostly of taffetas with embroidery and insertions of lace on the gores, and inserted pompadour ribbon on the border, without frills at the edge, and they must match the costumes with which they are used in colour.

Peacock Blue Shot with Green.

But it will not be until summer has fully asserted itself that such freaks as doubled-up sticks will be visible, for they are allied to tiny parasols copied from the Marie Antoinette period, whereas the one of the moment is dome-shaped with a rib 21½ in. in length. Numbers of the shades that are as large as this serve the dual purpose of shielding the sun from the eyes and saving the hat from the onslaughts of a sunburn, and what is the case here is that of taffetas of such colours as coral-red, peacock blue shot with green, Admiral blue, or some such comparatively sturdy shades which will amply bear both sun and shower.

London, which supplies the best parasols to the trade, has been working wonders with lace lately,

and see that it has not been cut, hold it up to the light to see that the moths have not eaten it, place it flat on the floor and make sure that it lies straight. Also look at the nap, and see that it is not worn to the warp. But the most important item is to remember to look at the selvedge; if this is worn away, the rug is not of nearly so much value as it would otherwise be, though its usefulness can be preserved by overcasting it to hinder it from further fraying.

Ornamental Dislike Novelty.

The most desirable and original antique rugs are the Persian ones, which have been made very carefully on bases of a primitive type of construction, the only tools used being a pair of shears, a comb, and a mallet. No changes have been made in the mode of weaving. The Orientals have not the same craze for novelty that the man of the West has, and much of their successful rug-making is due to that fact. There is also much individuality in their rugs, as each designer makes his own pattern.

A Persian never stands upon a rug with his shoes on, but always uncovers his feet. This is the reason why so many beautiful rugs have been preserved, and why they are worn so glossily-looking. The dyes used in these old rugs were all vegetable dyes, made by a process of fermentation, the secrets of which are jealously guarded. Of late years Orientals have often used aniline dyes, much to the detriment of the rugs.

Bokhara rugs are among the most durable of Eastern rugs, but the antique ones are very rare. They are made in deep reds, with square little figures all over them. Anatolian rugs are close and fine in texture, and are celebrated for their rich colourings of blue, green, and red. Antique

BEAUTY HINTS.
CUT OUT THIS COLUMN OF USEFUL ADVICE AND KEEP IT.

Baking soda is a good application for burns, and so is pure borax. Equal parts of linseed oil and lime-water also make a soothing wash for the same trouble.

Olive oil taken before meals will make you grow plumper. A dessert-spoonful is the correct amount. A tumblerful of hot milk or a raw egg at bedtime will also help.

The general rule in filing the nails is to follow the shape of the finger-tips, but a narrower and more elegant effect can be gained if they are left a trifle longer in the centre. They should be rounded, of course—never pointed.

Those who suffer from tired feet should bathe them every night with hot water, to which ordinary washing soda has been added. Dry them thoroughly, and then apply methylated spirits, rubbing it well all over the feet.

A sallow complexion can be brightened by applications of cucumber milk. This whitening lotion is also excellent: The juice of three lemons strained, four ounces of alcohol, two ounces of rosewater, mixed. Shake the bottle well before using the lotion. It should be applied with a soft cloth, and be rubbed well into the skin.

To make a nice violet sachet powder take eight ounces of ground orris root, five drops of oil of bergamot, three drops of oil of bitter almonds, three drops of oil of rose, and one-and-a-quarter drachms of tincture of musk. Mix the ingredients thoroughly, and the powder will be ready to be put

MADAME DOWDING,
THE "PRETTY POLLY."

From 25s. to 31 Guineas.

MADAME DOWDING, Corsetiere,
8 & 10, CHARING CROSS ROAD

(Opposite the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square).
IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Madame Dowding says she cannot send the REDINGOTE by return post, the demand for the little garment being so great that it is impossible to get them made in less than six days after receipt of order.

GENTLEMEN'S BELTS A SPECIALTY.



Among the newest parasols is one of pearl-pink surah, latticed with black chenille, both inside and out, and another of chalk white satin, the ribs of which shine with jet paillettes, and the panels with lozenges of the same. The black and white plaid model shown above has a bordering of cream broderie Anglaise, and a broad rim of black silk above and below it. Painted china handles abound; and there are cocks' and rabbits' heads, flowers of coloured wood, and crystal and even costly topaz knobs.

and a union of fine tambour lace with coarse guipure has been used to great advantage upon a coloured silk foundation, over which the lace is arranged in layers.

Frisiks, as has been said already, are not universally used, but they played a distinctly quaint and pretty part upon the edge of a sunshade made of silk of an almost invisible check, the colours prawn-pink and cream, and will certainly look well in many models. That old-fashioned plan of bordering a silk shade with grass-lawn is being utilised again, and, with entrelacs of lace or an applique of braiding upon it, looks lovely.

ANTIQUE CARPETS.

There are few items about a house that in a quiet way have more influence upon our temperament than floor coverings. They give the fundamental note to the scheme of our rooms. If they are of a suitable colour, and strikingly arranged, they lend to the room a certain feeling of comfort which is essential to the well-decorated home, but if they are not they destroy the whole effect of an otherwise well-appointed apartment.

Experience is the best teacher, and much of it can be obtained in buying antique Oriental rugs, for it should not only be the awkward appearance of these that should appeal to us. The rug should be examined carefully. Look at the back of it

Daghestan rugs have been used by the Persians for praying mats for generations. They are of a very beautiful soft colouring, and are becoming very scarce.

Baluchistan rugs resemble Bokhara. They are somewhat crude and simple, and are met in monotonous designs. Browns, reds, and purples are the usual combination of colour, but their charms lie in the beautiful bloom that most of them have. The wool used in making them is particularly soft and silky.

People who own good rugs are often very careless about sending them away to a carpet cleaner, without knowing anything at all as to the process they will undergo. A rug requires washing about once a year; the Orientals do this invariably to their rugs. They are first soaked in milk and then rinsed, cleaned, and rubbed dry. The milk gives back to the wool its essential oil, and it becomes shiny, soft, and silky. This is supposed to be a secret, and certainly few know of it. Another Eastern method is to rub the rug with oil and rice meal, but the former is the more satisfactory way.

In washing rugs a very simple way is to take them out in the open, scrub them thoroughly with warm ammonium suds, and rinse them with several waters until all the soap is removed. The rug must be left to dry on the floor, with the ticks in it; then will not shrink, roll, or pull out of shape, and will appear rich and mellow and bright with glowing colour.

into sachet-bags, and will be found a delicate and pleasant perfume for clothes.

A lavender lotion is excellent for softening the bath-water, and is also very refreshing and pleasant. It is made of four ounces of alcohol, half an ounce of ammonia, and one drachm of oil of lavender. A teaspoonful of the lotion will be found sufficient for two quarts of warm water.

A very good preparation for whitening the arms and neck temporarily is made from six ounces of almond oil, one ounce of white wax, one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of paraffin, one ounce of zinc, and twenty drops of orange blossom oil. This is only for the arms and neck, and should not be used on the face, as it is too much of an astringent.

NOVELTIES IN TAILORING.

At first sight the "devil amongst the tailors" would appear to be an unenviable distinction, but apparently the title is not merely honorific. The abode of the chieftain at 18-20, Oxford-street (next door to the Oxford Music Hall) is no mean address, and it is at this spot that the Globe Clothing Trust is prepared to fulfil orders which may be entrusted to them in accordance with the terms of their offer on page 15. Their reception and fitting rooms are all that could be desired, and the variety of patterns extensive.

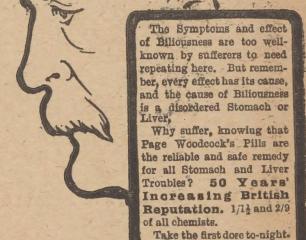
The Symptoms and effect of Biliousness are too well-known by sufferers to need repeating here. But remember, every effect has its cause, and the cause of Biliousness is a disordered Stomach or Liver.

Why suffer, knowing that Page Woodcock's Pills are the reliable and safe remedy for all Stomach and Liver Troubles? 50 Years' Increasing British Reputation. 1½ and 2½ of all chemists.

Take the first dose to-night.

Mackintosh's TOFFEE
Takes Well Everywhere.

Bilious?



6/- SEWING MACHINE. 6/-

Patented. Patented by H.M. the Empress Alexandra of Russia.

This machine does work which will bear comparison with that of other machines costing higher prices. Entirely new in design, having a self-aligning, improved stitch regulator, etc. It works at great speed. If there has no competitor in the market for such an intricate machine, therefore no experience is required. It works fine and coarse and even stitching, as well as buttonholes.

Sent in wooden box, complete with needles, oil, and packets.

SEWING MACHINE CO., R Dept.,
22 & 23, Brooke Street, Holborn, London, E.C.

Write for Press Opinions and Testimonials, or call and see the machine at work. Address—

40/- SUIT FOR 10/6

A Special Offer to readers of the "DAILY MIRROR."

As an advertisement offer, we will make any reader of the "Daily Mirror" a GENTLEMAN'S DURABLE CLOTH LOUNGE SUIT to order, wholesale price only 10/6, carriage free (worth 40/-). Some customers think this offer too good to be true, until they get the Suit, then we receive their letters of delight by the hundreds. If you, reader, are interested in saving money, as you should be, simply call or write a postcard to

THE Globe Clothing Trust

(Dept. 54).

18-20, Oxford-st., London, W.
(Next Oxford Music Hall).

and ask for patterns, tape measure, and particulars, which you need not return. They cost you nothing, and will certainly save you pounds in tailors' bills. We also make Gentlemen's Rain-proof Overcoats to order for 13/3.

Established for the People in 1880.
Cut this offer out, as it may not appear again.

See what others say, and then read our £1,000 offer at the foot of this page.

Poetry and Good Clothes.

To the Globe Clothing Trust. November 29th.

The Suit to hand; it fits me well,
It pleased me more than tongue can tell,
The Cloth is good, t'will wear I know,
I wonder at your price so low.

The D among the Tailors true,
No other name would do for you;
There wanted just a lot like you
To cut them down a peg or two.

Although you're many miles away,
Still send goods without delay—
Not like these Tailors over here,
Who keep you waiting half a year.

A Trousers I will have some day,
Just wait till I have cash to pay.
I'm worth just three and six to-night,
Four bob again, and I'll be right.

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS JONES.

Pentre Council Schools, Broughton, Near Wrexham, Denbighshire.

Copy of a Letter from Switzerland.

La Villa, Sierre Valais, Switzerland.

Certificate.

Gentlemen.—I write to you to inform you I have received the complete Suit you kindly sent me. I am quite satisfied with it, and have no fault to find. I hope to send further orders in the future. I strongly recommend all who want Suits to apply to your honest and honourable house.—Yours very truly, LOUIS URVIEUX.

You can make use of above as you wish.

Thinks It a Marvel.

Wardrobe, The Ards, Holyhead.

Dear Sirs.—Suit arrived safe, and I am thoroughly pleased with it. I think it a marvel of cheapness. It is a splendid fit, and I am perfectly satisfied with it. Shall make it known to all my friends.—Yours truly,

FRED. ASHTON.

P.S.—You may use this if you feel disposed.

Was told Prince of Wales would not be ashamed to wear it.

Waterlow Park, Highbury, London, N.

Dear Sirs.—Very many thanks for kindly sending on Black Serge Suit so promptly. It arrived in good time for me to attend the funeral. I fail to find words to express my gratification, as it is beyond all expectations, and I am sure you can honestly assure it is far better finished off than Suits I have paid 42/- for. I have shown it to many friends, who can hardly believe it only cost 13s. 3d., so they are ordering at once, and I shall be in trouble making up many more. And as I am doing plain-clothes duty, shall feel proud to be a walking advertisement for you. I showed it to a gentleman to-day, who was in the Park, and he said: "I am told Prince of Wales would not be ashamed to wear it," and I am of the same opinion. If you care to use this letter, please do so, as there are hundreds who would be glad to avail themselves of such an opportunity. He really knew it was genuine. Again, thanking you, and wishing you every success, believe me, sir, yours faithfully,

J. C. ALLEN.

Sure to Repeat.

Chelsea S.W., April 17, 1905.

Dear Sirs.—I am writing to express my satisfaction at the Suit you purchased from you at 16s. 3d. I am perfectly satisfied with both the fit and the material. When next requiring a Suit, you may be sure of my order, etc.—Yours faithfully,

H. W. P.

Why Do People Send Unsolicited Testimonials?

There is but one answer—it is that they feel they have received a favour, or something to their advantage. The unsolicited TESTIMONIALS are spontaneous recognition from day to day. The letters we print we have their written permission to publish, and if any person can prove that they are fraudulent, and not genuine, we will forfeit £1,000 to any person who can prove the contrary.

Please Read the Letters Reprinted Above, and See.

NOTE.—All these letters are from people who are utter strangers to us, and have written of their own accord.

that what we say is correct, we offer to pay the above sum of £1,000 to any person who can prove the contrary.

ENGLISH FIRM! LABOUR! CAPITAL!



"The devil amongst the tailors."

"THE TRUST."

"His Wife Posts his Order to us."

THE GLOBE CLOTHING TRUST 18 & 20, OXFORD MUSIC HALL, LONDON.

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See what others say, and then read our £1,000 offer at the foot of this page.

Everybody Likes It.

North-street, Marazion, June 26.

Dear Sirs.—I have received Suit, and it is very satisfactory to me. Those who have seen it judge it at 40/- and £3. I believe by what I hear from them you will have the pleasure to make somewhere about ten Suits. They are highly pleased, and I am especially—Thanks to you for your kindness, etc., yours truly,

W. J. HICKS.

I hope to give you an order soon for a Waterproof.

Perfect Fit.

9, New-street, Stoney Stratford, March 31.

Dear Sirs.—I thought I must write to thank you for the Clothing, which I received quite safely, and was very pleased with them, as they fitted me as well as if I had been measured at your establishment. I order, and I think I can introduce other friends to your firm.—Yours faithfully,

F. EDWARDS.

An Eye-Opener.

27, Craven-street, Hull, March 30.

Dear Sirs.—I am very highly pleased with the Suit I ordered from you, and the fit is all that can be desired, and it is surprising how you can supply them at the low prices as advertised. As you say, it is an eye-opener to those who have not seen it, and you will be surprised before I send you another order for another Suit. I am pleased to say that my son will be sending you an order early next week. In conclusion, I must say that the Cloth the Suit is made of is exactly to the Cloth as pattern sent. Yours faithfully,

T. P. HAYES.

Better Fit Could Not Be Got.

17, South-West Block, Buckingham-gate, S.W.3.

Dear Sirs.—I feel that it is my duty to write and thank you for the Suit, which I received quite safe last Monday. I must express my best opinion on the cut and fit, and am quite positive that a better fit could not be got at West End. Tailor's wife, who recommended your goods to my workmates, and hope to see you receive an order from some of them. Yours respectfully,

W. KEEL.

Father is Jealous.

93, High-street, Blaenau Ffestiniog, March 15.

Dear Sirs.—I am sorry I have kept you so long without acknowledging the Suit which I received. I am glad to inform you that it is splendidly made, and not faulty. I enclose herewith his measurements for the very same style and Cloth, and shall be only too pleased to recommend your firm.

EDWARD OWEN.

Father Kruger."

"Harlen," Compton-road, Wolverhampton.

Dear Sir.—I am in receipt of my Suit to-day, it fits me excellently, and I am very pleased with it. I am exceedingly pleased with it, and it does you great credit. This method of business only shows the enormous profits made by the fashionable tailors. Small Profits and Quick Returns is a much better plan, and all that gives great satisfaction. As it has done in my case. I should think you are known as "Father Kruger," amongst your brethren, and no doubt many who could have a fast of cold steel would still buy up your goods. I hope to be a man like you, and to succeed to the working classes. I shall consider it my duty to recommend you as far as I can, as you have done your duty to me. I can use this as you like, as what I say I mean. You do or don't, as you like, and I hope you will do for your kindness and prompt attention. Believe me, faithfully yours,

Street,

£1,000

